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APRIL 23, 1968

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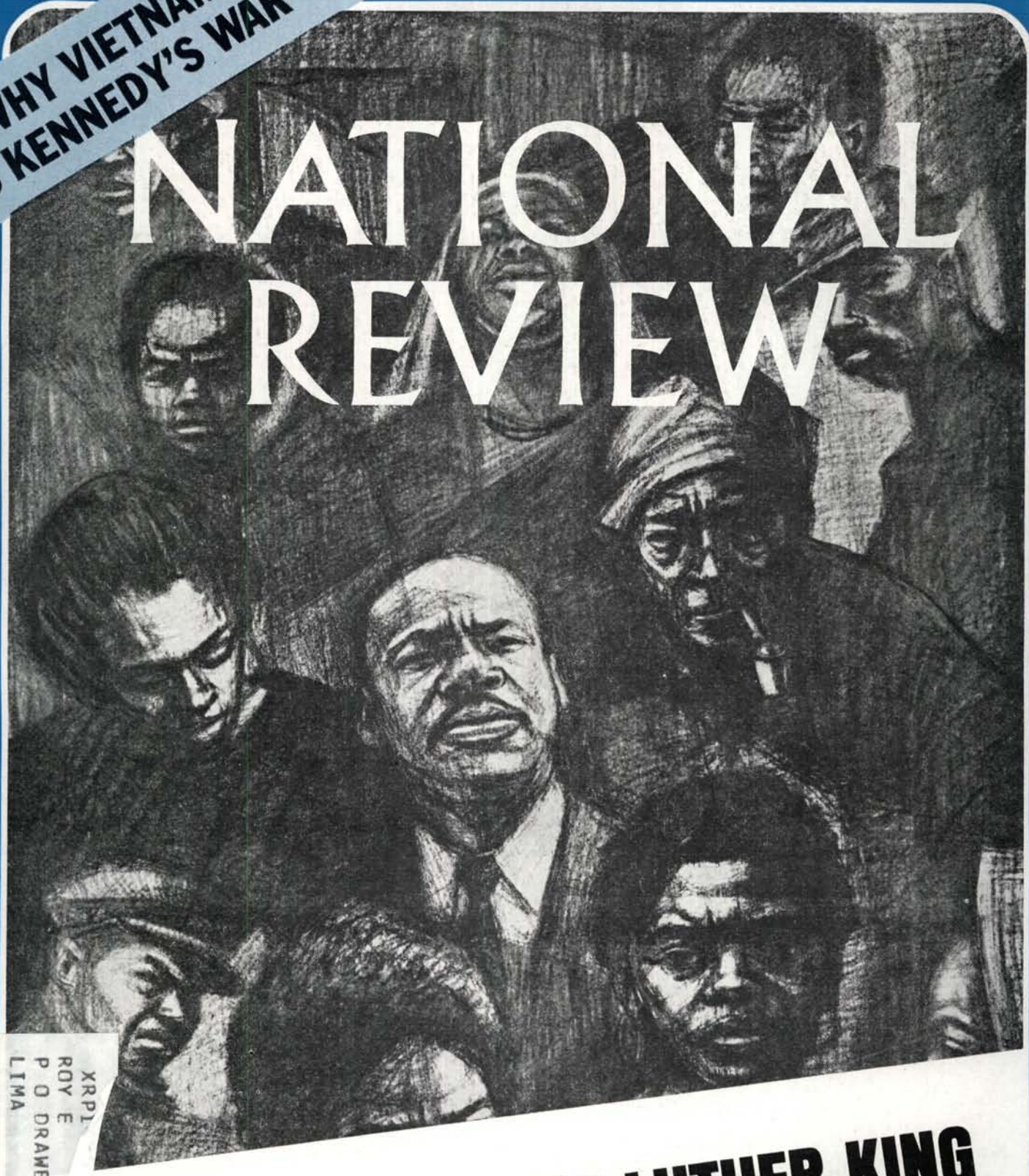
NATIONAL REVIEW



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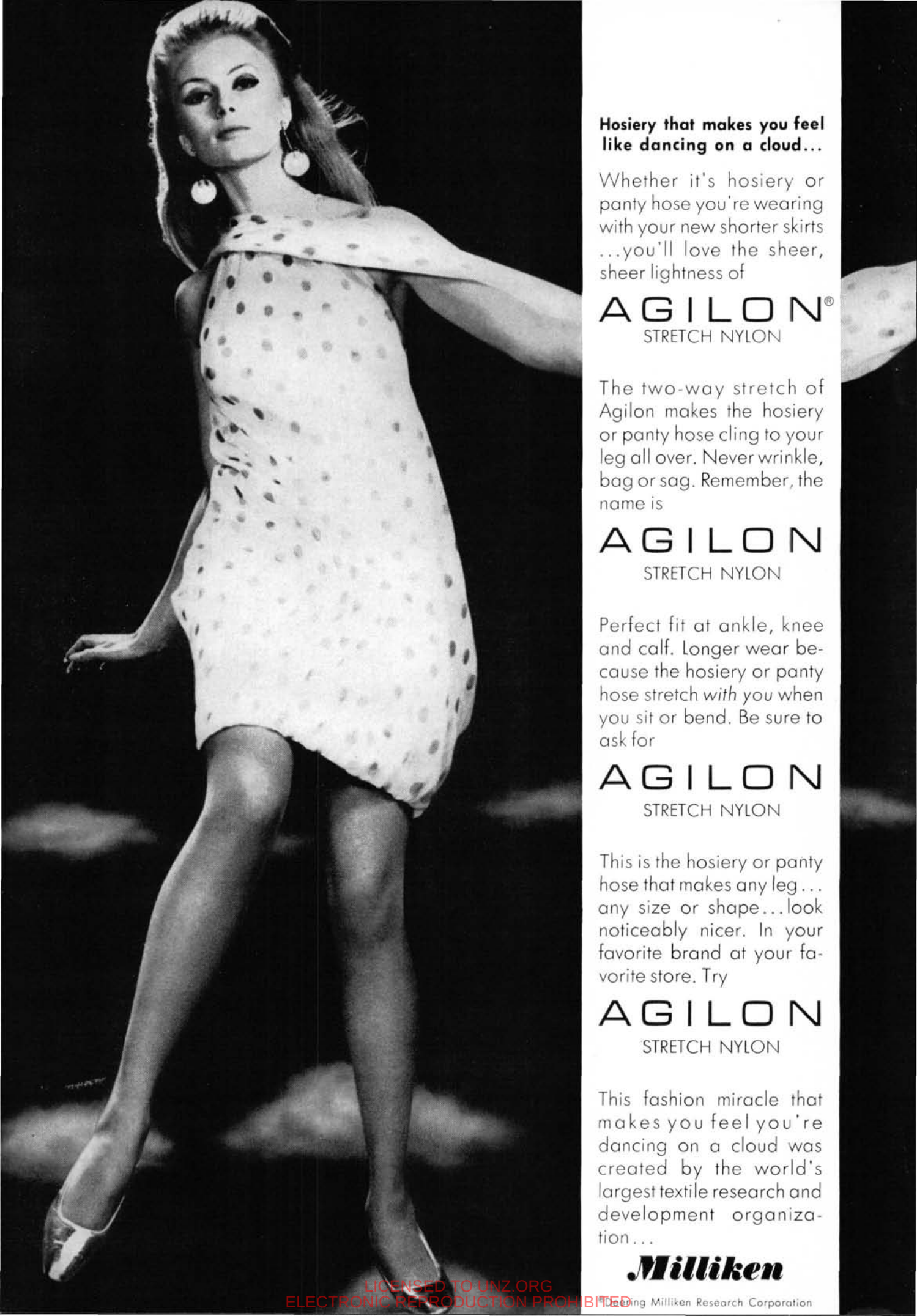

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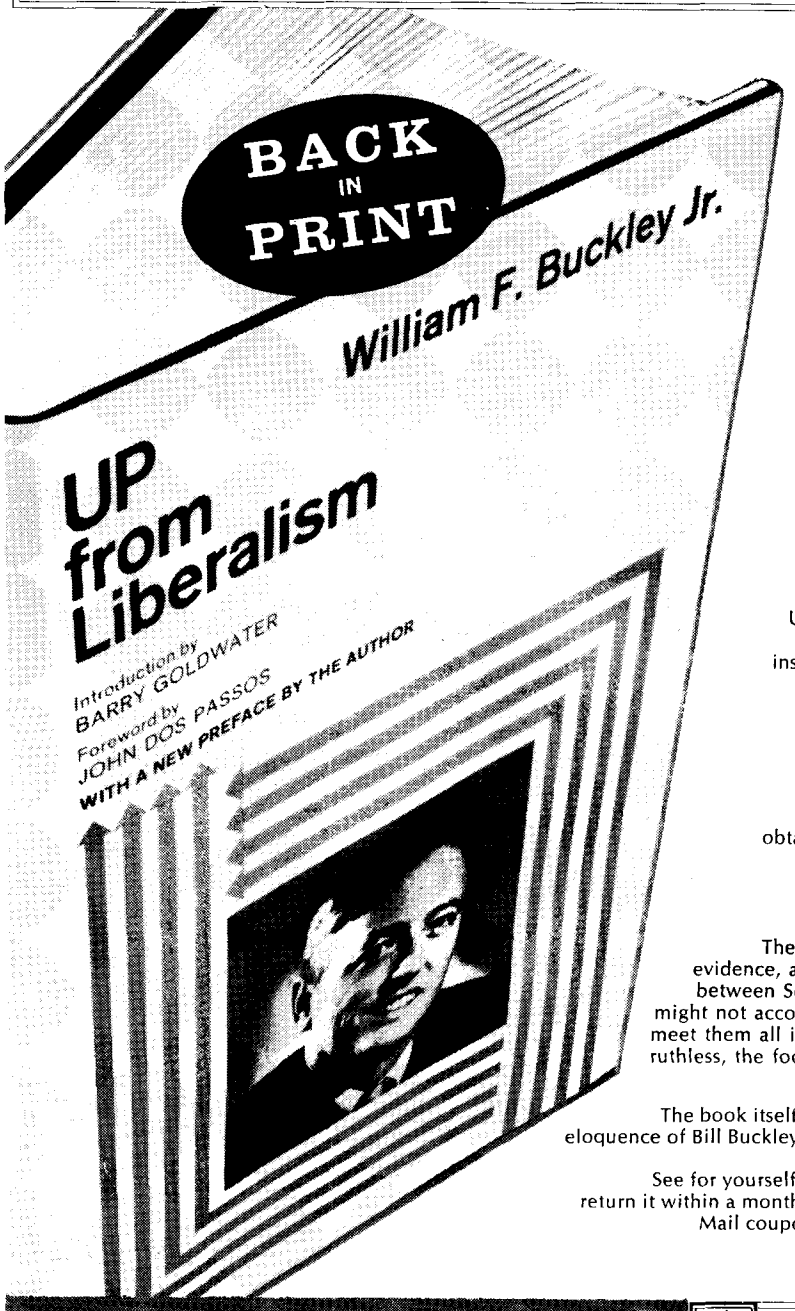
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Foreword by JOHN DOS PASSOS
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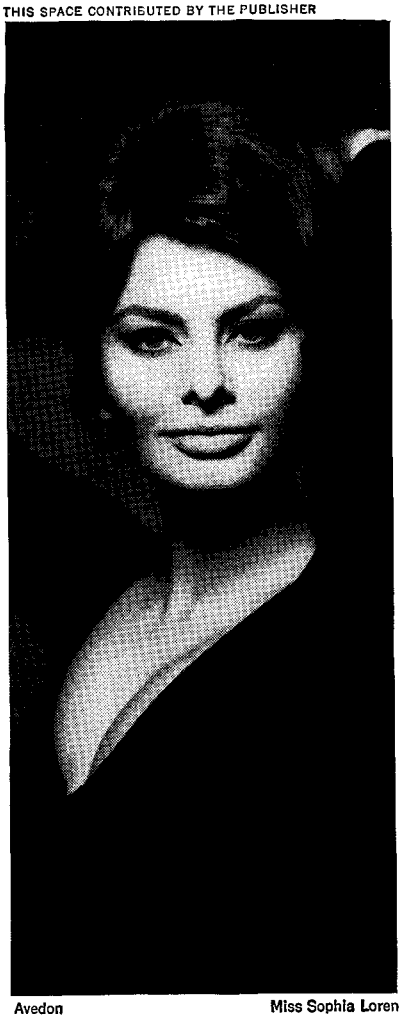

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It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society.

APRIL 23, 1968

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 16

376 The Week

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

372 Letters
391 Letter From the Continent *by E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
392 It's So Beautiful to be Black *by Philip A. McCombs*
396 Why Vietnam is Kennedy's War *by Jean Jeffries*
398 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
409 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
410 Trans-O-Gram
414 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
416 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

399 Hugh Kenner on W. C. Fields
401 William S. Schlamm on the Cold War
402 Guy Davenport on Fiction
405 Jeffrey Hart on Some Victorians
405 Anthony Harrigan on Eugene McCarthy
407 Garry Wills on Homer
408 Books in Brief

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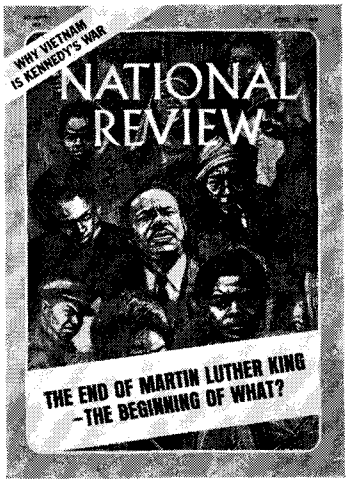
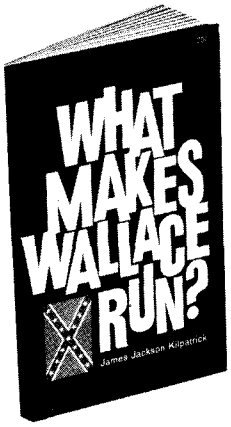
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ The Week, writ large. We give extended editorial treatment, starting on p. 376, to the events of March 31, April 4 *et seq.*, in which, while we may not bind up the nation's wounds, we may at least attempt to isolate various root causes of the infection. . . . A week of tumult, in *NR*'s offices as in pressrooms everywhere. **Philip A. McCombs**' story on Dr. King's projected Poor People's Campaign in Washington, D.C., for which he had interviewed workers at the King headquarters and several score citizens of Washington's large Negro middle class, was on its way to the printers when the news of the assassination broke in Memphis. McCombs wrote a new lead and substantially recast portions of what is now a story of people—poor and not so poor—whose city, gutted and looted, stands as an ironic monument to the "militant, dynamic nonviolence" which was the theme of Dr. King's enterprise, in theory more often than in practice. Phil McCombs is a graduate of Yale and the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, and has written for *NR* on Negro revolutionaries and the New Left. Our cover, incidentally, is the official poster of the Poor People's Campaign, which, whether it materializes or not, has its place in history as Martin Luther King's last crusade. . . . **Jean Jeffries**, a former college instructor from the Mississippi delta now living in New England, makes her debut in *NR* with a survey of John F. Kennedy's policy statements on Vietnam. No matter what you hear these days, it seems JFK was a proto-hawk. . . . Columnists on their appointed rounds: **E. v Kuehnelt-Leddihn**, **Russell Kirk**, **Nika Standen Hazelton**, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** **James Burnham** is on vacation.



➔ And it's the Spring Book Issue, which leads off with a **Hugh Kenner** essay on W. C. Fields, Fieldsiana being a hot book item these days and Mr. Kenner being the one man in America who could find in Fields traces of Cleopatra, Benjamin Franklin and Ayn Rand. Professor Kenner has also written for *NR* on Keaton, Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy. . . . Writing from abroad, **William S. Schlamm** acknowledges with anguish the publication of a Gaullist tome on the cold war. His latest book (1967) is *The Misery of Literature*. . . . **Guy Davenport**, *NR*'s regular reviewer of fiction, has published verse, translation, criticism, drawings—no novels. . . . **Jeffrey Hart**'s last piece for *NR* was "David Hume and Skeptical Conservatism" (February 13). . . . **Anthony Harrigan** is Associate Editor of the *News and Courier*, Charleston, S.C., and the author of *A Guide to the War in Vietnam*. . . . **Garry Wills** is a classical scholar as well as the author of the most pertinent book on Negro militancy, *The Second Civil War*. Lively interests? asked a recent biographical questionnaire. Wills wrote: "Survival." Amen. ➔

What Makes Wallace Run?



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LETTERS

Wrong Score for Tet

Diverse opinions are welcomed in any publication, but Col. James W. Graham must have taken a "happiness pill" before he wrote his article ["The Score for the Tet Match" Mar. 12].

There are numerous intepretations of the results of the recent Vietcong offensive, but to say that we "beat hell" out of the Communists is somewhat of an exaggeration, incredible to say the least. Even with the loss of 40,000 Communists (the number has a nice sound), nothing appears to have changed. The fact is the Communists do not have to repel us "so dramatically" in order to win the war. They just have to continue to kill off an increasing number of finite Americans. After all, I'm sure General Custer had an impressive bad-guy to good-guy kill ratio also, but it didn't do him any good.

Forest Hills, N.Y. JAY FABERMAN

The Graduate

Richard Kostelanetz's "The Graduate School Blues" [Mar. 12] is the most honest, true, objective description of graduate school I have ever read outside of the cynical, bitter, satirical manuscripts written by graduate students themselves during boring seminars and read, unfortunately, only by other graduate students. I would say, at the possible risk of losing a fellowship and two painful years of graduate credit, that graduate study in English Literature has nothing at all to do with thinking, reasoning, etc., outside of the mechanical drudgery of research, i.e. tracking down obscure facts and recording them in a boring, standardized way.

Newark, Del. JOHN WALLACE

Onward and Backward with NR

I must express bewilderment and confusion. I am a new subscriber to your excellent magazine, so my problem may stem from my lack of acquaintance with your mailing policies.

I entered my subscription last year (card from the December 26th issue). I was becoming quite impatient waiting for my subscription to bear fruit, while buying NATIONAL REVIEW from the newsstand.

"William F. Buckley Jr. on Vietnam and Politics," screamed the yellow corner streamer on the February 27th issue. Well, my subscription had begun at last. I settled back expecting to be carried gracefully through the coming election trauma, NATIONAL REVIEW in hand.

I must say, I was most pleased to hear that Mr. Buckley's revealing On the Right series would be reinstalled. When the next issue arrived, proclaiming "Crisis in Korea," I skipped past it and rooted around in the hindquarters of the magazine. NO BUCKLEY! I needn't explain how disappointed I was to find nothing but—classified advertisements.

As I was pondering various explanations (had NATIONAL REVIEW merged with the *New Republic*?) and admiring the excellent cover painting by Priscilla Buckley (with its grocery store that resembles a Southern mansion), I realized that this issue bore the date "February 13." I remembered that the first issue I received said "February 27." The "In the Next Issue" section confirmed my suspicions, showing I had received them in improper order.

Does February 27 precede February 13 on New York's 35th Street? . . . Is the NATIONAL REVIEW so advanced or forward-looking as to publish and distribute the next issue before the current one? . . . or do you people have a congested mailing room? In any event you have the finest magazine in the country today.

New Berlin, Wis. JIM BACHMAN

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—ED.

Hart Answers Molnar

I am completely at a loss in understanding why Thomas Molnar thinks I was espousing Hume's position rather than merely describing it [Letters, Mar. 26]. "Hume, and after him, but with fewer excuses, Hart, mistake the easy-going (laissez-faire) attitude in politics and the skeptical attitude in philosophy for conservatism." Nonsense. I can only suppose that Molnar became prematurely excited. In my essay I explicitly noted that "we may well conclude [Hume] wrong as regards ultimate things", and I recommended only that we "keep an honorable place for [skeptical conservatism] in our minds." This is a long way from agreement.

As it happens, I am in entire agreement with Molnar on religious and ethical matters. Much of his letter merely repeats what I said in the essay. Yes, Hume's position does leave a vacuum: that is precisely why it does not, as I said, recommend itself very widely, and why sustaining it requires discipline of the sensibility. Yes, the skeptic is often vulnerable to the demagogue, because skepticism has no mass appeal. And yet I think Molnar is a bit sentimental in his underestimation of Hume's toughness and the toughness of which skepticism generally is capable. The "detached skeptic" he says, "is blown away by the first revolutionary wind." I doubt it. Hume knew about demagogues and revolutionists. By the wise magistrate, he said, they should be put "on the same footing with common robbers." Bearing in mind the treatment accorded common robbers in eighteenth-century England, this judgment leaves little to be desired in severity. The "commissar who defines his own norms" would not have much to hope for from Hume. I would argue that Hume's attachment to civilization was fierce precisely because he did see nothing beyond it; though I think Molnar is correct in his view that skepticism could not create that civilization.

Hanover, N.H. JEFFREY HART

Corrections and Additions

The pictures Colin Clark and Guy Davenport [Mar. 12] draw of two of my former compatriots whom I knew fairly well are not uncharacteristic but a little weak on facts. Schumpeter in his youth was undoubtedly a great snob, but this does not make him an aristocrat. And after his astoundingly brilliant first book, there was surely no need for "political influence" to gain him at the age of twenty-eight a professorship *in ultima thule*—as Czernowitz (now Cernanti) undoubtedly was. Nor was Wittgenstein ever an aviator, though he had interesting ideas on the construction of airplanes and experimented with kites. He also, to the best of my knowledge, never actually went to Russia, though he more than once wanted to.

Freiburg, Germany F. A. HAYEK

So "Professor Galbraith was born and brought up in Canada, in the physical and intellectual austerity of the Maritime Provinces," was he? ["The Eminence of Professor Galbraith," Mar. 12]. Although some of us don't exult in the fact, truth is the pesky sage grew up in Ontario, and attended university here in Guelph. Perhaps Colin Clark, who otherwise speaks so perceptively, is merely the latest British savant to believe that Canada ends at Nova Scotia, a geographical astigmatism that has had, during our colonial era, such consequences as the handing over to the Americans of the so-called Alaska Panhandle.

Guelph, Ont. D. G. M. COXE

I have read with delight Mr. Colin Clark's "The Eminence of Professor Galbraith." At last someone has put the professor in his place. Now if someone will just do the same thing about John Maynard Keynes and FDR, who imposed

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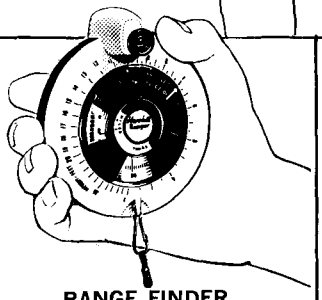

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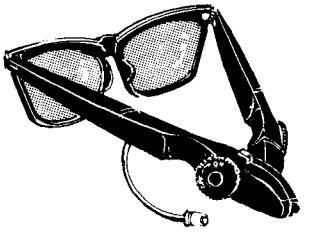

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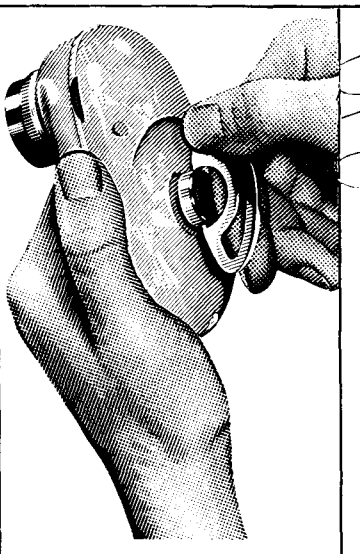

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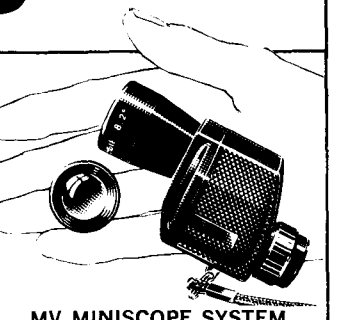

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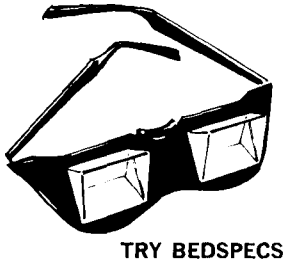

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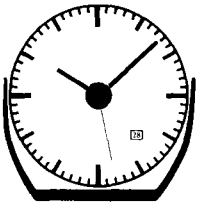

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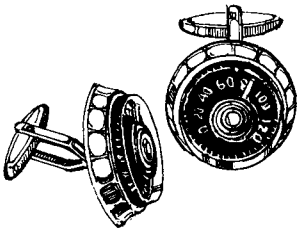

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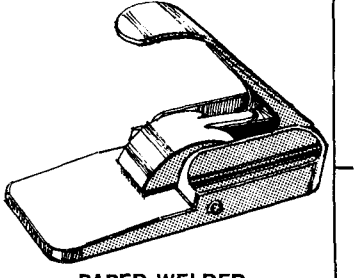

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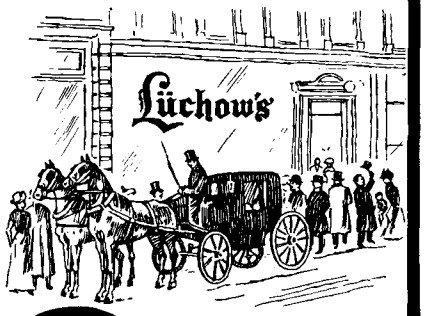

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their theory of economics on our business and educational world, we may have a chance to develop a truly sound basis upon which to conduct national and international affairs and a subject worthy of being taught in our colleges.

Reno, Nev. INEZ A. MACAULAY

The Oregon Trial

I could not forbear writing this letter after noting your story on the continuing spirit of toleration at the University of Oregon [The Week, Mar. 12]. I happened to be a student there in the spring of 1961 when a professor in the drama department publicly called Mr. Buckley a fascist, which Mr. Buckley made him retract—publicly. To be a conservative at that institution at that time was to be part of an intellectual and political underground. There was a complete blackout on conservatives and conservative thinking. I see things have not changed.

Jackson, Miss. E. L. PFISTER

McCarthy of La Mancha

As a McCarthy supporter who disagrees violently with much of what *NR* has to say, let me suggest that Mr. Kilpatrick's "McCarthy—Man From La Mancha" [Apr. 9] is the most impressive thing to come out of this campaign.

Albany, N. Y. A. C. BUCCA

James Jackson Kilpatrick's article on Senator McCarthy is the most refreshing and illuminating piece of journalism that I have read since Norman Mailer recreated the Washington march; I might add that prior to that massive work nothing of genius had appeared journalistically since Mark Twain. And now two such essays—have we seen the renaissance of journalism? That is to say, unbiased analysis written in quasi-fictive style. Eric Sevareid had plunged me into abject pessimism.

There are many people who supported Barry Goldwater in 1964 who are attracted to Senator McCarthy (mostly college students) simply because he seems to be the only candidate of honesty. Mr. Kilpatrick's essay lays it on the line: McCarthy is an honest liberal in the tradition of Adlai Stevenson. As a result, he assists the above-mentioned conservatives in their dilemmas. The youthful, the idealistic, and the confused owe him a favor. And such efforts make *NR* the most readable magazine in America.

Middletown, Conn.

JAMES A. DRUMMOND
Editor, The Wesleyan *Argus*
Wesleyan University

The Van Den Haag Report

I must write and tell you how much I appreciate Ernest van den Haag's

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commentary on the Riot Commission Report in the March 26 issue of *NR*.

Mr. van den Haag's article was about the most relevant I have read in many years. A true assessment of the situation. What a relief from the usual "try-to-please-everybody" hypocrisy offered by establishment stooges.

Forest Park, Ill. ROBERT SCHILLER

Van den Haag's exposé of the riotous Commission's Report flowed superbly on, and hit hard without meandering intellectually. However, one flaw was in the analogous inference that hospitals "cause" illness just as ghettoes and slums "cause" riots. Hospitals are not the habitats of the sick as ghettoes and slums are of the rioters at the time of the "cause."

I could feel the struggle throughout the article as van den Haag disproved point after ludicrous point—the struggle ever present in refuting the value statements of the liberal.

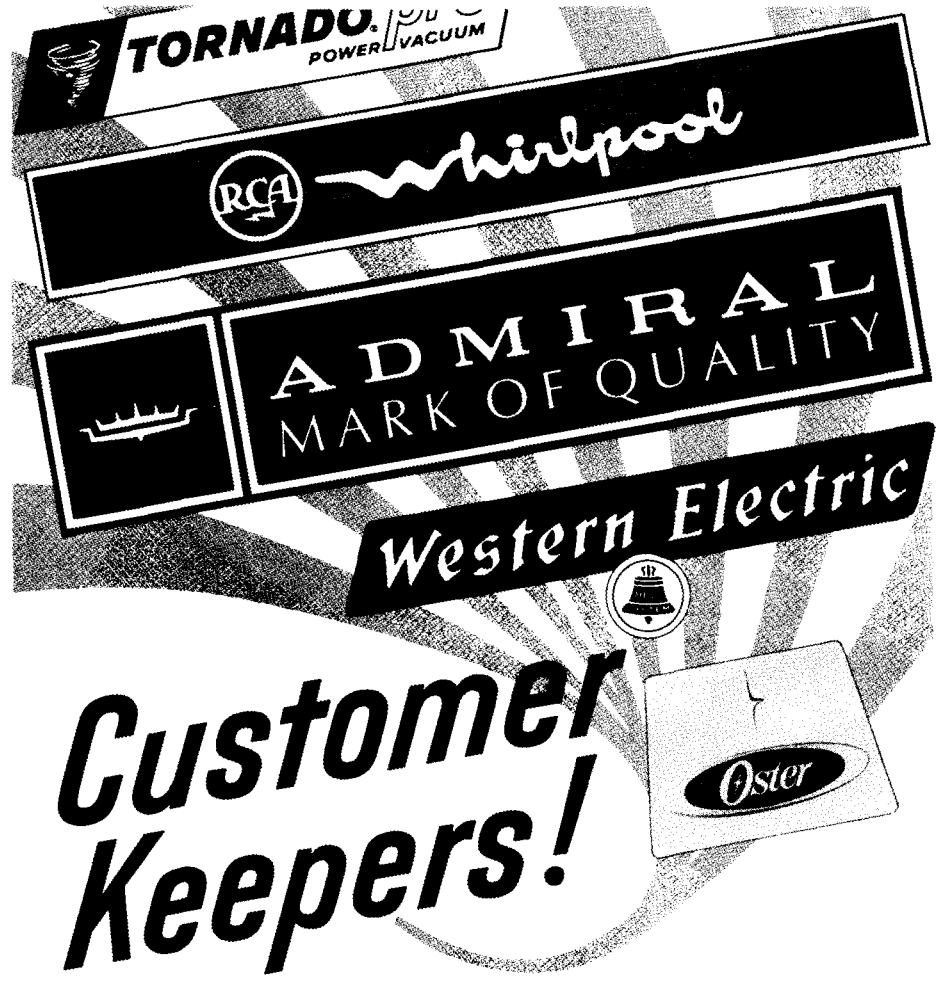
Grand Junction, Col. BETTY ELLERBE

Franke on the Draft

David Franke's review of three books on the draft [Mar. 26] begins by accepting the proposition that the only two significant positions on the draft are National Service and a voluntary army. I certainly agree with Mr. Franke that National Service is a totalitarian horror and that a voluntary army is an ideal which we should seek, but I was sorry to see him dismiss the real problem and the alternatives which it suggests with the short phrase "except in temporary circumstances where it is absolutely necessary for national defense."

As long as there is a Communist menace in the world our government must take the necessary measures to assure its survival and the survival of the civilization within which it governs. Under these circumstances our problem is to concript the smallest number of men consistent with the reasonable requirements of the Armed Forces. In solving this problem we must consider certain facts such as the following: the draft as it presently operates will not draft anyone if the Army meets its requirements though recruiting; the motives for enlistment in the Army are so mysterious that we will not know how effective the measures for increasing it, such as higher pay, are until after they have been put into effect; half the new doctors in the country need to be drafted each year to meet the requirements of the Armed Forces even without adequate provision for atomic casualties; and on the average draftees are promoted faster than volunteers in the Army, suggesting that the draft has provided the Army with better soldiers than recruiting.

New York, N.Y. CHARLES G. MILLS IV



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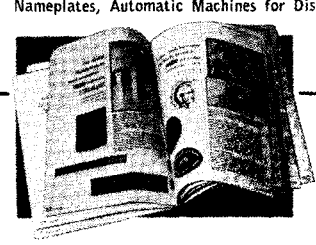

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The WEEK

George Romney, who was no quitter, quit. Nelson Rockefeller, who was sure to run, declined to run. Who ever had heard of Gene McCarthy? Forty-two per cent of New Hampshire's Democrats, that is who had heard of Gene McCarthy. Robert Kennedy's time was 1972; he reassessed; and no, his time was March 16.

One thing, at least, was sure: LBJ would not be moved. "I shall not seek," said the President, "and will not accept, the nomination of my party." In December, the President had felt it "folly" unilaterally to suspend the bombing. Now, in March, over most of Vietnam, unilaterally the bombing stopped. Hanoi, which would not reply, replied.

And at 6:01 o'clock, on the evening of Thursday, April 4, an assassin squinted a telescopic sight at Martin Luther King; held his breath; and squeezed a trigger.

Has there been a spring like this before? Did the news break as suddenly, did the shockwaves come as fast, in the first spring of Franklin Roosevelt? There is more to follow. What now for Hubert Humphrey? Is Rocky really out? Will Ronald Reagan make a bid? The Windy City's famous stockyard is a drafty place; a March renunciation may be blown away come August. What of Vietnam's dark tunnel? Is it valid hope that flickers faintly there?

Absorbing speculations, all of these. Yet nothing in the whole exclamatory spring—not the war, not the Presidential race—shocks the sensibilities so stunningly as Martin Luther King's death in Tennessee, the act itself, the hours that tumbled on us afterwards. A brooding ugliness, coiled like a clockspring, gathered itself and struck.

I. Dr. King

It may be useful, in thinking upon this somber time, to separate the death from the cause of death. If Martin Luther King had died of natural or of accidental causes—a heart attack, an airplane crash, a slip, a fall—certain events would have followed just the same: the flags at half staff, the honest grief, the fulsome grief, the vacuum left in leadership. Dr. King, make no mistake, ranked among the potent forces of our time. His was not the force of intellect, or of political prowess, or of organizational skill. He was an indifferent theologian, an innocent abroad. His Southern Christian Leadership Conference numbered relatively few members. Yet he had a singular power to move men, to inspire them, to lift them up. His death, under any circumstances, would have carried a fearful impact.

Yet it was the how of his death and the where of his death that set off the convulsive reaction. King died in Memphis. It is a city of half a million inhabitants, no better and no worse than other cities that grapple with identical urban problems; it is a city, that is to say, composed of good men, bad men, bright men, dull men, in about the same proportions to be found in other such cities across the land. But it is a *Southern* city, legatee of the big broad-shouldered river at its side; it is the city of Beale Street, cotton markets, the steamy heat of August by the drowsy Mississippi. If the assassin had trailed King to Cincinnati, or to Denver, or to Buffalo or Seattle, certain old wounds would not have been there for the bleeding. But this was Memphis. The scab of two centuries ripped off with the shattering of a jawbone, and the pus of the slave mart spurted.

The assassin, the alias "John Willard," thus became the universal honky. He was *white*. The *Times* of April 5 set it in 48-point caps across page one: A WHITE IS SUSPECTED. Overnight the killer shifted from third-person-singular to third-person-plural: *"They"* killed him, the system killed him, the whole frustrating, impenetrable, granitic indifferent mass killed him. "Bobby Kennedy pulled that trigger," cried Stokely Carmichael, "just as well as anybody else."

In the emotional phlebotomy that followed, it was not King alone who had died that Thursday evening. Julian Bond was at Vanderbilt University on Friday: "Brotherhood was murdered in Memphis last night. Nonviolence was murdered in Memphis last night. All that is good in America was murdered in Memphis last night." In Washington, civil rights leader Julius Hobson offered black advice: "The next black man who comes into the black community preaching nonviolence should be violently dealt with by the black people who hear him. The Martin Luther King concept of nonviolence died with him." A young woman student at Howard put it this way: "If I'm nonviolent, I'll die. If I'm violent, I'll still die, but I'll take a honky with me."

Stokely Carmichael received the press at a hostile conference conducted at the New School for Afro-American Thought in Washington. "We have to retaliate for the deaths of our leaders. The executions for those deaths will not be in the courtrooms. They're going to be in the streets of the United States of America . . . Black people know that they have to get guns. . . ."

Q. What do you say to black people who have to die to do what you say?

A. That they take as many white people with them as they can. . . . We cut and fight and kill each other off. Let's kill off the real enemies. . . . The only way to survive is to get some guns.

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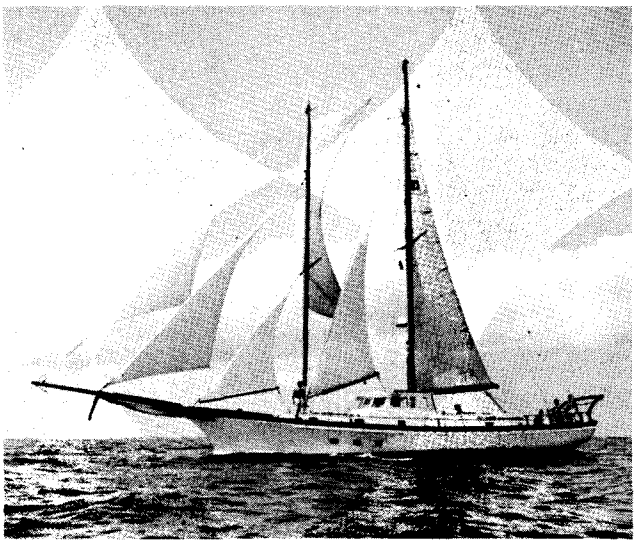

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trast a large body of Negroes (but not nearly large enough) reacted to the tragedy with dignity, and restraint. In Harlem, a youth gang from Jay's Bar & Grill on 125th Street, near Eighth Avenue, spread out to keep the peace. In Gary, a gang known as the "Sin City Disciples" performed the same public-spirited function. In Washington, Pittsburgh and Chicago, individual Negroes sought vainly to stem the anarchical flood. Here and there, firemen were harassed, stoned, shot at; but in Baltimore, Negro residents came out of their endangered tenements to cheer the firemen on.

A second, larger, group of Negroes also seemed unaffected by Carmichael's bitter exhortations. These were the happy looters. In Washington at least, during the incredible Friday, most of them seemed happy. "What are you doing?" asked the astonished cop. Two children put down a stolen TV set. "We jus' funnin'," they said. The significant impression is that the death of Martin Luther King, as such, seemed to mean nothing to most of the rioters. They were not motivated by grief, vengeance, fury, resentment. They were simply out to steal, to burn, to smash. They were funnin'. Any provocation, real or fancied, would have served their destructive purpose quite as well.

This is among the terrifying and depressing aspects of that Palm Sunday weekend—that Martin Luther King, the who, the where, the how, did not matter. The point merits special emphasis, because the implications arouse particular dismay. Other riots have tended to follow a pattern—a long history of grievances unredressed, a period of swiftly rising tensions, then a provocative incident or rumored incident, usually involving the police: and the violent eruption.

But this was not the pattern of the riots of April 5-6. Race relations in predominantly Negro Washington have been excellent in recent months, thanks in part to a talented Negro Mayor and a sympathetic Council. The assassination of Dr. King of course triggered a direct emotional response: men and women, in many cases, wept, or prayed, or donned mourning and went to memorial services. A few others, crying that "Whitey killed him," abandoned King's nonviolent precepts and took to the streets in rage.

But these angry rioters were not typical. In Washington, every observer remarked the phenomenon. The madness might have been filmed in Italy or Sweden, script by Antonioni, direction by Ingmar Bergman. Arsonists and law-abiding men together shared the sunny springtime sidewalks. A well-dressed colored boy bumped into a woman waiting for a bus. " 'Scuse me," he said; and hurled a brick into Kauffman's window. In this surrealist nightmare, as in a children's game of tag, penalties seemed to be suspended for a time by a kind of king's-ex, or allee-allee-outs-in-free. Thus the outnumbered police, as blindly tolerant as suburban chaperones at a high-school prom, tended not to look at looters running off with stolen goods. Lady Macbeth, in her madness, wondered aloud: Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him? In Washington, one gazed in numb amazement at the littered streets: who would have thought the windows had so much glass in them? It was a day of smoke, gas, and cherry blossoms, of spring hats and white helmets. In a panic of traffic, police cars stalled; they sat impotently leashed in mid-block, red eyes rolling, their sirens howling like dogs.

So passed Friday and Friday night. Saturday night, when 12,500 troops patrolled the streets, was eerier still. Washington became a city of the dead, the streets empty as a stage set, the stores shuttered, the soldiers mute. The night unreeled like an old silent movie.

It was no fantasy. Washington alone counted five dead, 800 injured, 3,000 arrested. Six hundred fires were set in the two days. A bail-bond analysis of persons charged with looting turned up a curious profile. These were not the poor, the ignorant, the unemployed. Ninety per cent of the arrested Negroes had jobs, in pay ranges from $85 to $150 a week. Among the defendants were an assistant librarian, a real estate salesman, a number of college students, a sprinkling of clerical workers in government offices. Five of the first hundred worked for the Post Office. The typical looter had eleven years of schooling. Many of the thieves drove to the riot area in their own cars.

The madness, of course, was not confined to the capital. Chicago's Madison Street suffered appalling damage. Pittsburgh, Baltimore and bruised Detroit were savagely attacked. The violence hit Hartford, Boston, Harlem, Philadelphia, Richmond, Raleigh, Greensboro, Tallahassee, Gainesville, Jackson. The contagion spread to St. Louis, Des Moines, Oakland. Four thousand troops protected Nashville; another 4,000 manned the streets of Memphis.

In mixed fear and respect and politics, men suspended the ordinary amenities of civilian life: curfews imposed, banks and stores closed, sidewalks cleared, traffic rerouted, workers sent home. Conventions were canceled or postponed, the major league openers put off. The economic loss can never be fully reckoned.

What is to be done? The American people will not willingly tolerate a repetition of these simultaneous riots. To be sure, a tradition of violence runs through the nation's past, but this part of American experience embodies no tradition of communities besieged. Freedom and order cannot coexist with burglary and arson. Ours is an open, mobile country; men cannot

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live like moles, shuttered up by night in perpetually garrisoned cities. Answers must be found, in better communications, in deeper understanding, in more effective procedures of punishment and prevention —and above all, one suspects, in a mobilization of the latent force that lies within the law-abiding Negro people. They are the pathetic, primary victims of the outrage. It is their homes that are destroyed, their jobs lost, their communities ravaged. The Negro city dwellers, by their own manifest disapproval, can defuse the ticking bomb.

Such a prospect implies effective leadership of the moderate Negro majority. Where is it to come from? The King is dead. Long live—long live who? In the contemptuous view of the young black militants, Martin Luther King may have been "de Lawd" or an "Uncle Tom," but he had the gifts that go with command. Moreover, he had *been* there—been to jail, felt the blows, suffered the wounds. Other old-time leaders of the civil rights movement have not had their credentials validated lately.

Neither can one find encouragement in the prospect of seeing responsible young leaders emerge from the Negro colleges and universities. This is a spring of insurrection on Negro campuses—Howard, Bowie State, Virginia Union. At prestigious Tuskegee Institute, students chain the doors of an administration building while trustees meet inside, and the trustees are held for thirteen hours as hostages to imperious demands. At Western Michigan University, black militants seize a student center and demand an abject written apology from the president as ransom; the president, James Miller, truckles and complies: "We of white America are guilty," he writes; and signs the paper.

White America, and the bulk of black America also, will not accept so ignominious a role. If mounting resentment in Congress is a valid reflection of public sentiment, neither will the people try to buy their own security with bribes of public funds. An ordered society cannot submit to government by extortion; the cup of freedom does not yield to the Molotov cocktail.

Martin Luther King never sought to impose any such destructive travesty upon America. True enough, he believed in creating tensions; through nonviolence he risked violence; he goaded, provoked, antagonized. In his bland contempt for laws he chose not to obey, he made his own conscience the lordly standard for his people. In the messianic tradition, he was a man of passion and fury and long-sustained wrath. Yet in his own awesome fashion, he was an apostle for peace as well. He abhorred black violence, because he saw that it was self-defeating. And he knew that a silent legion of nonviolent petitioners, giving witness through their feet, could accomplish more than any rabble of looters might achieve by putting cities to the torch.

That truth goes marching on. Black militants, timid mayors, and frightened members of the Congress must alike be made to understand what was meant by King's way. By his own precepts, he died to make men free. It would be a terrible perversion of his dream and of his life if his death should see a new tyranny of terror born.

Call to Riot

Adlai Stevenson in commencement address, Colby College, June 1964: "Even a jail sentence is no longer a dishonor but a proud achievement. Perhaps we are destined to see in this law-loving land people running for office not on their stainless records but on their prison records."

John F. Kennedy, 1963: "In too many parts of the country, wrongs are inflicted on Negro citizens for which there are no remedies at law. Unless the Congress acts, their only remedy is in the street."

Robert Kennedy, 1965: "There is no point in telling Negroes to obey the law. To many Negroes the law is the enemy."

Hubert Humphrey, 1964, remarking that some demonstrations might be technically illegal: "That is not the point."

Hubert Humphrey, July 1966, in New Orleans, saying that if *he* lived in slums, "I think you'd have more trouble than you have already, because I've got enough spark in me to lead a mighty good revolt."

Robert Kennedy, March 1968: "The more riots that come on college campuses, the better the world for tomorrow."

II. Vietnam

Nothing but the country's weariness with the war in Vietnam could explain the pitiful wave of hope that swept across the land with word that Ho Chi Minh had agreed to talk about talks. Ho's magisterial condescension came in a single sentence toward the very end of a long and gloating statement. His government declared its readiness "to contact the U.S. representatives with a view to determining with the

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American side the unconditional cessation of the U.S. bombing raids and all other acts of war against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam so that talks may start."

That was the whole of it, a small sprig of concession in a desert of contumely. In the portions of Ho's message that President Johnson chose to ignore, the North Vietnamese government spoke of the wicked and perfidious U.S. imperialists and their lackeys, asserted that a fatal blow had been inflicted on the U.S. aggressors, and declared that nothing could save the U.S. aggressors from a total defeat. The North Vietnamese government had many times set forth the correct basis for a settlement; that is to say, serious talks must await proof that the U.S. had "really stopped unconditionally the bombing raids and all other acts of war."

This was Ho's view of Mr. Johnson's statement of March 31:

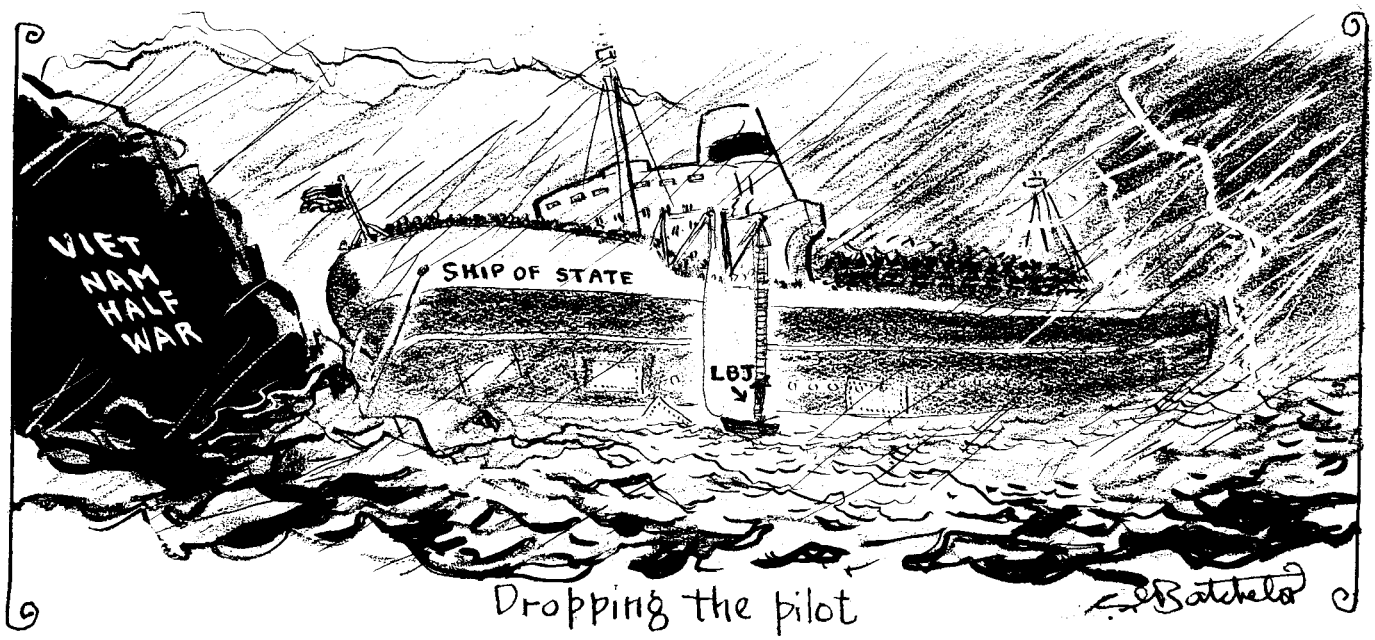
"Recently, in the face of an extremely critical situation with no way out in South Vietnam and the heavy setbacks in the war of destruction in North Vietnam, in the face of great difficulties—political, social and financial—due to the aggressive war in Vietnam and in the face of ever stronger pressure from world public opinion and from progressive American opinion, President Johnson has had to announce the 'limited bombing' of North Vietnam. This is a defeat, and at the same time a perfidious trick of the U.S. Government to appease public opinion. . . ."

It is useless to speculate on Mr. Johnson's reasons for ignoring these coldly truculent statements. Perhaps the President had no realistic choice. By his statement of March 31, he had turned his back upon the military solution he had sought so long. He had done precisely what he many times had insisted it would be futile to do. A suspension of bombing had been tried before—three times before—and each suspension had served merely to give the enemy time and maneuvering room to rebuild his forces. The strategy, until the night of March 31, was basically a strategy of pressure, unrelenting pressure; its object was to bomb the enemy into a willingness to accept fair settlement terms.

All that goes by the board. It would now be difficult—it might be politically impossible—for the President to resume his former course. One can imagine the hysterical fluttering in the dovecotes if Mr. Johnson, dissatisfied with talks about talks, and convinced of the enemy's treachery, should undertake in mid-summer to go back to bombing and to dispatch another 200,000 troops to Vietnam.

This means that the President now is gambling upon a diplomatic solution. Averell Harriman is to do what Westmoreland could not. But it takes two to tango. Viewed through the hooded eyes of Ho Chi Minh, the situation may not suggest a settlement at all. The loss of human life seems not to affect him; the cost of his war is being borne largely in Moscow and Peking. If he truly believes, as he says he believes, that "nothing can save the U. S. aggressors from a total defeat," why should Ho be willing to settle for anything less?

As Richard Nixon quite properly remarked, Mr. Johnson may be making his moves in response to diplomatic overtures unknown to the world at large. Ho's bristling statement may have been no more than bluster, meant for home consumption only. One hesitates to accept the pronouncements of any statesman, at home or abroad, wholly at face value. Even so, the President now has taken steps he cannot well rescind; he has made the task of the military immensely more difficult. Should the effort collapse, not all of Lyndon Johnson's formidable skills will rally our own weary and impatient country to send the bombers back.



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LBJ's Withdrawal—Seen Through a Glass Darkly

When Bobby Fischer was on his way to his first United States chess title, at age twelve, he made a particular move in one game that has come to be called "the move of the century." One analyst said, "It gives rise to so many possibilities that it defies analysis." The Fischer *coup* came to mind again in the hours after President Johnson's ostensible withdrawal from politics.

Ostensible: because a withdrawal announced in the language of sacrifice should at least exhibit some aspects of sacrifice, and it is impossible to understand how Johnson has actually damaged his political interests to date. Far from it. By his withdrawal he has all too possibly enhanced his chances. One veteran newspaperman we quizzed recently was able to come up with only one aspect of Johnson's maneuver that would have to be called against his interest: he had nipped in the bud whatever spontaneous support and organization was a-building for him in the field. That kind of setback an incumbent President can readily reverse. For the rest:

Richard Nixon has been pickled, like an insect in Baltic amber. His next move cannot be made until Johnson, in effect, has told him what there is to talk about. Nixon struggled gamely to preserve the appearance of controlling his campaign when he announced a moratorium on his criticism of Johnson's conduct of the Vietnam war. In plain fact Johnson had rendered his policies untouchable by clothing them in the mantles of justice, peace, and hope. But (and there are as many buts in the Johnson maneuver as there were tactical lines in the Fischer move): Johnson cannot protract this moratorium beyond a few weeks, perhaps two months at best. That means he'll have to jump one way or another a couple of months before convention time, giving a clear target once again to his foes in both parties.

With Nixon immobilized, all other shades of Republican opinion running from Nixonism to Johnsonism are also immobilized. The only Republicans who remain free to say what they think are those who take a harder line than Nixon. Here Ronald Reagan fills the bill, but it is precisely Reagan's objective to avoid any premature leap into the Presidential game. With Nixon having taken the "high-minded" route toward noncommittalism, what is there for Reagan to say? So Johnson has, in effect, silenced the entire Republican contingent. Not a bad wage for a day's self-sacrifice.

But there will always be those who take Johnson at face value, the way Mayor Lindsay believes everything Governor Rockefeller says, or at least says he believes what he says he says. Clearly Rockefeller is tempted to believe Johnson, because Johnson's withdrawal would certainly excuse Rockefeller's re-entry. If Rockefeller could be lured into openly opposing Nixon for the nomination, the Republicans might split as badly as the Democrats. But that split might make it easier for someone like Ronald Reagan to pick up the nomination . . . ? But Johnson could beat Reagan? But if Johnson lets Bobby Kennedy have it, isn't Reagan the only Republican who could whip Bobby?

So with his own party. Johnson has gagged Kennedy and McCarthy with a gag that will hold until Johnson releases it. At the same time he has laid open an immense area in which he himself and Vice President Humphrey are now uniquely permitted to roam. The objective developments in Vietnam, as they can be ascertained in the press, are so ambiguous that a defense of the Administration at this moment is simultaneously a defense of a firm military posture (the bombing cessation was partial, the exceptions were weightier than Johnson hinted, Khesanh was held, some 50,000 reservists will be called up, there has been no reduction in Administration requests for military expenditure) and a defense of the pacifist line (negotiate anywhere anytime anywhy, unilateral pullback, *je-m'en-fichisme* towards the Saigon government, concern with "world opinion"). Johnson, and Johnson's man, have their options not only open but magnified; the opposition is fettered; Johnson's "withdrawal" is a political masterstroke.

Finally, it is interesting that Johnson's statement of withdrawal was based on a history that is a lie and on a forecast that has already been belied. The history was Johnson's estimate of himself as a man who has never engaged in partisan politics. He has never been anything but a faithfully partisan Democrat, and until a couple of Sundays ago he found it convenient to proclaim his record in public. The forecast was that if he withdrew, the country would be united once again. Instead, in the ten days following his seeming abdication (and in the power vacuum thus ostensibly and recklessly created) the country suffered its worst visitation of fire and sword since the British Visigoths burnt the White House in 1815. —W.F.R.

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● The Public Health Service has concluded a study of the awful question of happiness. It concludes that positive thinkers are happier than negative, young people happier than old, healthy happier than unhealthy, and rich happier than poor. Quotha: "Persons with an income under $1,000 a year report themselves as very happy 10 per cent of the time, while people with incomes of $10,000 and over report themselves very happy 27 per cent of the time." The study cost $249,000. It made 24.9 employees of the Public Health Service very happy for one year.

● The Tax Foundation estimates that in 1968 the total federal, state and local taxes paid by each family in the U.S. will reach $3,550. The 1956 figure was $1,897.

● Widely overlooked in the Wisconsin primary: the mayoralty in Milwaukee. Henry W. Maier, the incumbent, ran against David I. Walther in a campaign revolving largely around the single issue of open housing. Walther was for it, Maier (more or less) against. The *Milwaukee Journal*, the *Milwaukee Sentinel* and Father Groppi (whose hundred-day march on white neighborhoods last year had the city on its ear) backed Walther, who was also pro-McCarthy—Maier had been pro-Johnson. Maier won, carrying all nineteen wards and 86 per cent of the vote, in the greatest election turnout in the history of the state.

● About those proposals for gun control laws. Gallup Poll has reported that 73 per cent of us Americans favor such laws. The *American Rifleman* reports (April 1968) that a sampling of some 25,000 people via television quiz (answers phoned in) shows that 76 per cent of them are against such laws.

● The U.S. is often described as a "surplus nation" on a straight commercial basis: i.e. we export more than we import. Our export surplus in 1965 was officially calculated as $5.2 billion. However, the figure is distorted by official accounting policy. 1) The official accounts take up imports on the basis of their cost at dockside in a foreign port and omit the cost of shipping and insurance. Such cost is commonly 15 to 20 per cent of the basic price. 2) The official figure for exports includes exports subsidized by the foreign aid program. Correcting for these two statistical errors, it is possible to assert fairly confidently that the U.S. is not earning any important piece of exchange from its straight commercial operations.

● According to the *Chicago Tribune* of March 7, the steelmaking town of Gary, Indiana is almost in a state of siege. Armed robberies, often culminating in murder, have been running at a rate of four per day in Gary's shopping center. Storekeepers keep their doors locked during the business day, admitting only those customers they recognize. Many clerks have taken to carrying pistols to work. One store has been hit 37 times in forty months. On four separate days it was hit twice in one day. Gary's city judge, Mr. Richard Kaplan, has publicly urged women not to shop in Gary. He explains that the streets are simply unsafe.

● From an active Air Force Reservist: "At Kadena, Okinawa, the United States Air Force Military Airlift Command Base that is filtering supplies into Vietnam, the maintenance people are inundated with broken down aircraft; not those used in combat, but the ones that carry cargo from the U.S. . . . When we do not send enough support people to these Pacific bases (not that we don't have them available), this is where the chain breaks. On the flight line at Kadena, the maintenance mechanics have

been working eighteen hours a day. One technical sergeant told me that he has no supervisory airmen to support him and he is afraid to leave the job because of the inexperience of his lower grade airmen. . . . At the time there were 25 C-124s, eight C-97s awaiting priority for maintenance. The waiting period is about 51 hours. . . . Throughout the whole MAC system, the story is much the same. Lack of parts is grounding these valuable cargo transports."

● So the Czechs are investigating the death of Jan

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Masaryk, who "committed suicide" during the Communist takeover in 1948—by jumping through a closed window, latest evidence suggests. The Western press is thrilled by this new sign of liberalization, de-Stalinization, reformist et cetera. Nobody was thrilled back in May 1965, when the German magazine *Der Spiegel* published a lengthy account of Masaryk's murder at the hands of a Czech-born NKVD officer. "A fascinating story, one would think. Whether true or false," *NR* commented at the time. "Even more fascinating is the fact that the entire U.S. press corps . . . failed to pick it up." Still fascinating.

● The French Union of American Deserters and Draft Resisters held a rally in Paris presided over by the head of the North Vietnamese students union and Jean-Paul Sartre. Eight of them mailed their draft cards to Gen. Hershey. Some want to stay in exile. Others, even though they may be liable to court martial, want to come back to America, so as to be more "politically effective." One deserter who recently turned himself in to the U.S. Embassy in Sweden was sentenced to exactly four months. How politically effective can you get?

● Hungary has been feeling the wind of change too. Istvan Pozsgai, the fun-loving public prosecutor of Csongrad, recently commented on Radio Budapest that frontier guards had orders to hunt teen-age defectors as ruthlessly as they did adults. The Party Daily reports that more than a hundred teen-agers were caught trying to slip across the border last year. Sometimes they make it into Yugoslavia and get sent back to Hungary by the nice liberal Titoists. But under the new liberal set-up, returnees get no more than ten months in jail. Other moves in the liberalization campaign: the Ministry of Culture is now running courses in grammar schools, warning teen-agers against the wiles of foreign agents, particularly their "lies" about the Western way of life.

● Mr. Julius Epstein, research associate at the Hoover Institution (Stanford), has filed what is believed to be the first citizen's suit seeking to declassify a government document under the new Freedom of Information Act. Epstein has been seeking for fourteen years to obtain an Army report on the forced repatriation of nearly a million anti-Communist Russian prisoners and displaced persons from Germany to the Soviet Union at the end of World War II. The Act requires a federal court to determine whether declassification of a document would endanger the national defense or security. The Army report, "Operation Keelhaul," was written in 1948. "It could be embarrassing to many people in the Administration," says Epstein, "but embarrassment is no basis for classification." We wish him well.

● One of the best pamphlets we've seen on tax matters is *The Proportionate Income Tax*, an eight-page opus whose facts and figures destroy the standing of the "graduated" tax rates and argue, unanswerably we think, the wisdom of a straight across-the-board income tax rate (over the past many years, a flat 23 per cent would have done the job). Available from Smock, Debnam & Waddell, Inc., 900 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 17, California.

● On selective indignation: Sir Arnold Lunn, in a letter to the *Times*, at the time that the Olympic Committee was deciding whether to permit South African teams to compete in Mexico, made this point: "The Olympic Committee could adopt one of two logical policies with regard to countries in which men are persecuted or discriminated against for religious, political or racial reasons. The Committee could exclude the representatives of *all* countries or admit *all* teams irrespective of the domestic policies of the countries entering them, but it is not easy to defend the selective indignation which condones in powerful countries such as Russia what it condemns in South Africa. Apartheid is not a monopoly of South Africa. The *Times* of February 8, 1967, published a letter signed by 252 Members of Parliament which expressed grave concern about the difficulties confronting Jews in Russia, and called on the British government to use its good offices to secure for Jews the same basic human rights enjoyed by other Soviet citizens. Are those who are so anxious to exclude South Africa from the Olympic Games equally anxious to exclude Russia?"

● Home Service Plans, Inc. offers a "study course" that is guaranteed to net the student "a minimum of $500 in cash or services within one year" or your fee back. The sales pitch goes on: "And get one thing straight. These benefits are your due . . . there's no hanky-panky, no 'charity' involved. For more than thirty years—from the New Deal to the Fair Deal to the New Frontier to the Great Society —Washington, D.C. has become an increasingly enormous treasure-trove to those in the know." Mail your stink bombs to Home Service Plans, 130 West 42nd Street, NYC.

● The National Right to Privacy Committee (Box 1984, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.) proudly announces the success of one of its chief programs: the Bureau of the Budget has apparently deferred indefinitely the establishment of a national computerized "data bank" that would have cranked out confidential dossiers on every citizen. The Committee continues to work for the provision of voluntary responses on the socio-

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logical questionnaire that will go to every fifth household during the 1970 Census.

● Apparently the guide at the King David Hotel in Tel Aviv really does start off by saying: "Israel is a very peace-loving country. We gotta piece of Egypt, a piece of Jordan, a piece of Syria—and we love them all."

Another Tito?

Compare starting a revolution to pushing a stone to the top of a hill. If the revolution is stopped early on, then the stone takes only a half-turn back to the gully and society is relatively unshaken. The nearer the stone gets to the top of the hill, the greater its potential energy. If the revolution is stopped near the top, as it was in Hungary in 1956, then the stone rumbles back down whence it came and society is crushed by repression. If the stone makes it all the way to the top, as it did in the French revolution, then it hurtles recklessly down the other side—there is no one there to brake it.

Democratic societies try to avoid rupture not by nipping revolution in the bud but by shaving the crest of the hill and thereby reducing the potential energy of the stone. Just this is happening with regard to the Negro revolution in the United States today. Moderate legislation, interracial discussion groups, all are attempts to make the Negro's transition from one station in society to another as undisruptive as possible. There is no way this function can be served in totalitarian societies, so stopping revolutions becomes the first order of business for totalitarian governments. They erect ever steeper hills, and if the stone ever does get rolling, as it did in Poland and East Germany a few weeks ago, they shove it back down fast.

How then to explain the events in Czechoslovakia? Western liberals would like to believe that the Dubcek government has renounced its authoritarian powers and is encouraging the leveling-off process of democratic societies. And indeed, there is now wide freedom of expression, inquiry and association in that country. But what is happening in Czechoslovakia is not a revolution because the changes that have come about can be credited not to a people pushing the stone from below but rather to a government pulling from above. The Czech government provides the muscle for the stone-rolling, and it controls the pace of it with authoritarian precision. There is an advance here—the open inquest into the death of Jan Masaryk—and retreat there—the Soviet-approved appointment of Ludvik Svoboda as President. So there may well come a time when Alexander Dubcek is ready to call the reformist game quits while many of his people would like to keep on pushing. At that time the people will look down and see how far they traveled, look up and see that their government still has the immense power of its predecessor, and tacitly consent to dig a ledge in the side of the hill, on which to rest the stone. Should Dubcek turn out to be another Tito, then democrats everywhere can gratefully concede that they prefer another Tito to another Walter Ulbricht, even if they had been hoping for a George Washington.

As Seen By the Left

The Left, from New to Far, is having the same problems as the Right and Middle in figuring out the meaning of President Johnson's tempered de-escalation of the Vietnam war and his decision to withdraw from the Presidential arena. It is agreed in only one thing: that Mr. Johnson has some sinister motive in mind and that The Movement had better watch out.

To Carl Oglesby (*Guardian*, April 6), former president of Students for a Democratic Society, the President is just clearing the board of an awkward international war so that he can turn his attention to the real enemy: "It is a tactical retreat by LBJ in order to keep his options open to do as he pleases especially in regard to putting down ghetto rebellions and smashing the Left."

But he's not going to get away with it, says Jerry Rubin, speaking this week as a Yippie (Youth International Party). "Johnson hates Kennedy more than Ho Chi Minh. He has robbed Kennedy of a crusade; he can now sit on the sidelines. . . . Change in the face of royalty will have no effect on Yippie. Chicago will still be a stage and we actors. The Democratic convention is still a death convention because it is still debating How Many Blacks and Vietnamese Will Die."

Johnny Appleseed, in a front-page story in *New Left Notes*, the paper of the SDS, is very much afraid that some of the brothers will peel off into the McCarthy camp now that Heap Big Ogre has declared himself out of it. "Any politically aware person knows that McCarthy offers no real objection to Johnson's imperialist policies. Sad to relate, some of the calcified Bourbons of the Old Left, who never forget and never learn, are again singing the praises of the 'lesser evil.' After the Establishment plays this swindle for all it's worth, watch for an effort by Pied Piper McCarthy or Kennedy to head toward a 'third party' (of the Establishment). That 'third party' bit was the name of the game that the NCNP [National Conference for a New Politics] was intended to offer, but fortunately the combined forces of the New Left and Black Power sank that bankrupt and discredited brainchild of the Old Left." →

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The main article in the same issue of *New Left Notes* discusses Johnson's move in more orthodox Marxist-Leninist terms:

"The roots of the contradiction in our perceptions have now become clear in the contradiction—the split which has emerged openly within the ruling class itself. . . . The Eastern financial interests have decided that things have gone far enough in Southeast Asia and that the drift toward war with China is not in the interest of corporate capitalism. . . . The Texas oilmen and the armaments manufacturers, through their favorite hustler in the White House, have gotten out of hand and must be stopped. What's good business for Brown & Root is not necessarily good business for the Chase Manhattan Bank—at least not in the long run.

"In brief, the liberal wing of the ruling class is scrambling to regain control of the Government in order to save American imperialism from its right-wing adventurists—proving once again that even if the American people are thoroughly brainwashed, the bourgeoisie remains clear-eyed, class-conscious, and historically perspicacious."

A Touch of Bobby

Kennedy offends. There was (first part of week) his instantaneous offer upon hearing of the President's withdrawal to discuss with him "how we might work together in the interest of national unity during the coming months." (There was also Johnson's instantaneous acceptance which, unless he meant by withdrawing to pass the nomination to Kennedy, he need not have extended, or not so *fast*; but if Kennedy offends, Johnson mystifies.) Then there were the series of midnight calls, also hard upon Johnson's announcement. At the home of Gov. Mills E. Godwin of Virginia the phone rang at one A.M. The governor was asleep. Then wake him up, said the caller. A disgruntled Godwin told Kennedy that as far as he was concerned Virginia's 54-man delegation was remaining uncommitted for the time being. The incident recalls Kennedy's style as Attorney General; now that he is again hovering over the levers of power no one's safe from a little touch of Bobby in the night.

The now-famous allusion (second part of week) before a crowd of Negroes in Indianapolis, to "a member of my family" who was "killed by a white man"—what can it serve to emphasize that Oswald was not Negro except to remind the reasoning that neither are the Kennedys? Or is it that all persons who are gunned down by white men (not excluding the Vietnamese) are somehow Negroes under the skin? Robert Kennedy would be less than human not to be sensitive to the still lively effects upon the national consciousness of his brother's assassination. But it is less than manly to assist those effects by laying hands upon a corpse—and at the same time shrink from the bad manners of students who question him about the autopsy photographs, as Kennedy did in California two weeks ago. Kennedy's commandeering of an American Airlines plane to fly Mrs. King from Atlanta to Memphis and back is bad business—not because he is a Presidential candidate or even because he is the richest candidate (Rockefeller is richer, and undertook to provide a shuttle two days later), but because the thing had already been done. Who is there who does not remember John Kennedy getting the bite on Richard Nixon by springing Martin Luther King from jail in 1960? Now Bobby is squeezing the same votes in the same way.

The things Bobby does are not lost on his party. The number of favorite-son delegations has proliferated since Johnson's withdrawal. There has been no rush to Kennedy. And from Eugene McCarthy last week there came the enigmatic remark: "Bobby's tragedy is that to beat me, he's going to have to destroy his brother." By making a deal with Johnson? McCarthy could have meant that. Or he could have meant: by simply being Bobby—I am more like John than his own brother. Which is, until a better psychologist comes along, as good a reason as any for the way Bobby behaves.

Well Done!

A couple of weeks ago the news media were drenched in gory comparisons of the surrounded Marines at Khesanh and the ultimately annihilated French at Dienbienphu in 1954. Day after day we were treated to stories of the unremitting bombardment of the airfield. Photos showed Marines *running* the fifty feet from sandbagged shelters to cargo aircraft, because it wasn't safe to walk. How long could they hold out? When would the Vietcong launch their

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Lost and Found

Whatever became of the *Pueblo*?
What's happened to all the crew?
  Remember how Rusk
  Was terribly brusque
In a Washington interview?

The last I recall, the Navy
Was waving the *Enterprise*.
  Apparently, then
  We counted to ten
And reasoned it wasn't wise.

I hate to be such a nuisance;
It's just that I like things *neat*.
  Therefore, if you know
  They're with Kim or with Ho
(Or in Sweden?), I'll be discreet.

W. H. von Dreele

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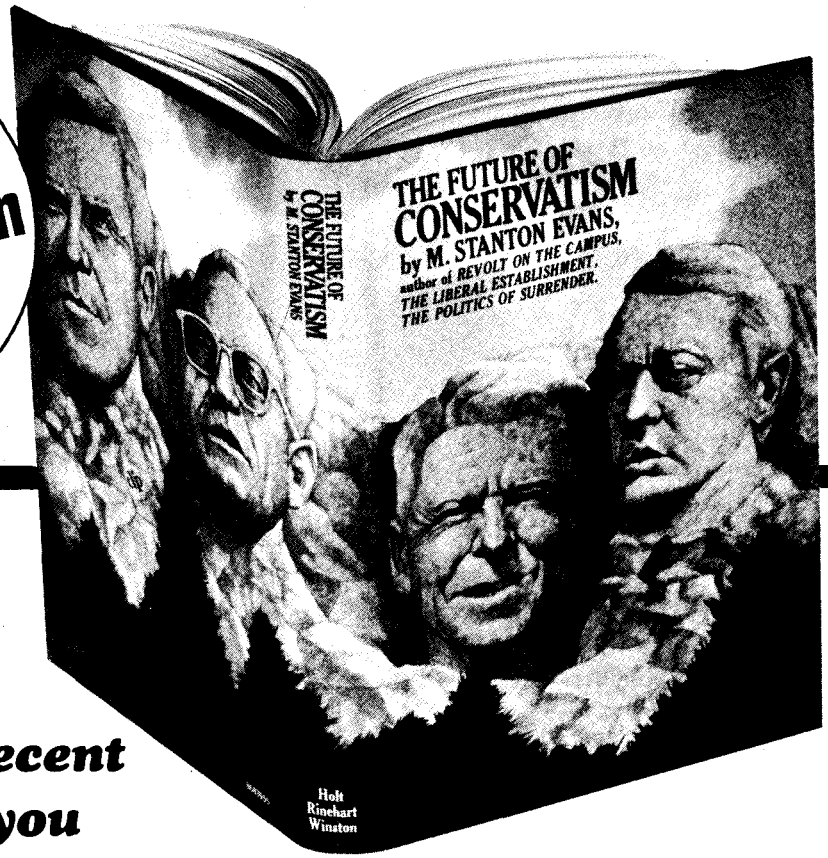
THE FUTURE OF CONSERVATISM

BY

M. Stanton Evans



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final attack? Was this *our* Dienbienphu? Could those 6,000 besieged Marines ever slug their way through the hills and jungles bristling with 12,000 or 15,000 or 20,000 Vietcong? Would help arrive in time? Last week help arrived. Army and Marine units began arriving, by helicopter, in force. Within a few days it was expected that the recruits would make overland contact. The garrison, Marines and South Vietnamese, started fanning out into the hills in search of the enemy. And the enemy turned out to be vanishing into the wilderness.

So it would be appropriate to declare a victory for the good guys at Khesanh, which we hereby proclaim with a Well Done—and to note that the papers that compared Khesanh with Dienbienphu in 72-point type announced the end of the siege in 24-point type. We might further note that it would have been craven of President Johnson to invite peace talks while 6,000 Marines were tied down in a seemingly mortal trap, and that a believeable overture depended on our gaining the upper hand at Khesanh. One remembers the stony aphorism in Voltaire's *Le Siècle de Louis XIV*: "L'esprit, la sagesse, l'éloquence ne sont rien dans le ministre lorsque le prince n'est pas heureux: ce sont les victoires qui font les traités." Wit, wisdom, and rhetoric count for nothing in a minister when the prince is hapless: it is victories that make treaties.

'Reciprocity'

Mr. Peter Witonski, a graduate student at Oxford and formerly on the editorial staff of NR, *writes from Paris: "Since the Tet offensive, a trend is in motion toward the American side in Vietnam throughout France. All over Paris, the traditional 'Hands off Vietnam' posters are being covered with signs reading 'Victory for the West in Vietnam,' 'Bomb, Bomb Vietcong' etc. Recently M. André Mounier published a column entitled 'Reciprocity' in* Le Monde *—if you can imagine—which gives an indication of the degree to which some French intellectuals are turning towards the West again. . . .*

"To the President of South Vietnam.

"Sir, We are in complete agreement. As soon as you stop sending your subversive agents from the South into the North, across the seventeenth parallel, to assassinate our village chiefs, women and children, we shall stop infiltrating into the South.

"As soon as you stop showering our defense bases, held by our faithful Chinese and Russian friends, we shall stop drenching the American bases at Khesanh and Danang with our shells and rockets.

"As soon as you stop attacking and terrorizing the inhabitants of Hanoi, Haiphong and Lang-Son, we shall stop terrorizing those of Saigon, Hué, Cantho and several others.

"As soon as you stop imprisoning, torturing and assassinating faithful Communist patriots of South Vietnam, we shall stop imprisoning, torturing and assassinating North Vietnamese Catholics and democrats.

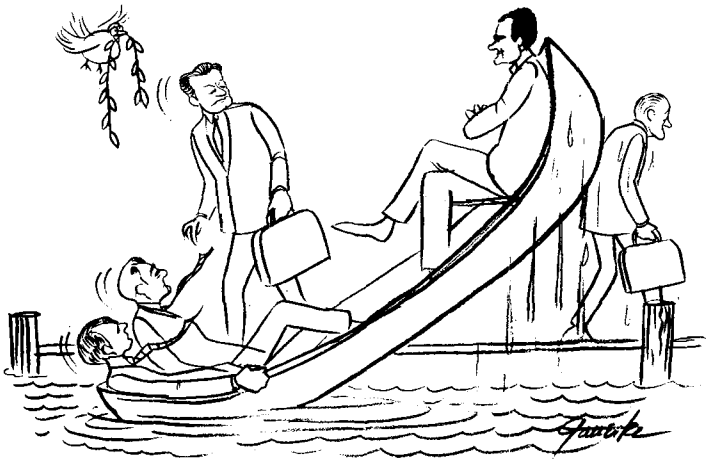
"As soon as your divisions and your commandos have evacuated the North, where they have penetrated thanks to the odious complicity of the reactionary and imperialist governments of Cambodia and Laos, we shall stop war and chaos among the civil populations of the South and inciting the creation of puppet 'popular governments.'"

But after all, will aberration go as far as to deny all factual evidence? Is it the South which has invaded the North or vice versa? Is it the South Vietnamese who have penetrated by infiltration the cities of the North or vice versa? By whom have the terror and the chaos been unleashed?

Are the 32 towns where, since January 29, the Vietcong has instigated a heinous war, in the North or the South?

The Vietcong hoped that the inhabitants of towns terrorized and worked over by Radio-Liberation would swing in their favor, thus enabling them to announce a "general insurrection." In spite of urgent appeals the city crowds have not followed the countersign of uprising. The Vietcong hoped also that the South Vietnamese government would topple, thus leaving the field clear for a "liberal" government, destined to camouflage the ultimate establishment of a Communist government. This hope also has been disappointed.

So the NLF falls back on a vast diplomatic and press offensive to convince world opinion of the existence of local popular governments, spontaneous emanations of the free will of the "liberated peoples." In three days one will probably learn that the "liberation government" has ac-



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credited ambassadors to Peking and Cuba. And the trick is played. By now the technique is classic. Mao Tse-tung has theorized on it. It has been used by the Communists to take over power in China, Cuba, etc.

The moral blackmail and lying used by the Communists on peoples to reach their end, which is domination through violence, can lead only to hatred and war. War is atrocious in itself and the atrocities are the same on both sides.

But who brought the war to whom?

I shall not appeal to the "intellectuals." Whether they be to the left or to the right, everyone knows what they are worth as soon as it is a question of considering man's interest and not the seduction of the idea. Rather, I shall address those who are still not completely chloroformed by propaganda, not entirely coated with the flour of words and images. May they not remain in ignorance, may they inform themselves and act.

The Lowdown Up There

Canada, which Americans tend to think of as a large Holland (nice, but not very interesting), has a card-carrying swinger as its about-to-be Prime Minister. Pierre Elliot Trudeau was guaranteed the office when he won leadership of the Liberal Party last week; the aging and rather drab Lester Pearson will hand over the helm later this month. Trudeau is young, handsome, eloquent in both French and English; he drives a hot car, likes blondes, and made some memorable fun of de Gaulle last fall over that "*Vive Quebec Libre*" business. He joined the Liberal Party just three years ago and has since called his fellow members "idiots," but the Party, desperate for a bright new face, was happy to put him in charge.

Trudeau was once active in Canada's French Left, but he broke with them over their anti-Americanism and now calls himself a "pragmatist." He still has leftist friends—many members of the socialist New Democratic Party came over to the Liberals to work for his election. He is not publicly anti-American, but towards the end of his campaign he suddenly won the backing of Walter Gordon, who feels about Yankees the way Stokely Carmichael feels about whites.

On Canada's most dramatic issue, separatism, Trudeau is firmly on the side of Federation—in fact, he favors a stronger central government and less autonomy for all the provinces. Observers expect the separatism issue to fade away, now that the French-speaking population has one of its own in charge in Ottawa (they recall that an earlier separatist extremist, Maurice Duplessis, lost his following when Louis St. Laurent became Prime Minister after World War II). In foreign affairs, Trudeau has suggested that Canada may have to cut back on its peacekeeping duties for the United Nations, and "reassess" its commitment to NATO. The Canadian-American joint continental air defense pact, parent of NORAD and the DEW line, has just been renewed for another five years and is probably safe. There is talk that Trudeau will try to bolster the sagging Canadian dollar by instituting an interest equalization tax, to reduce the flow of capital to the United States.

Another McCarthy

Miss Mary McCarthy (you've read *The Group?*)
Is back from Hanoi with the latest poop.
She went, intent on finding a way
To topple the monstrous LBJ.
Imagine! With Mary behind the bamboo,
The hideous monster man withdrew.
And, naturally, it's hard to be mean
To Rocky or Bobby or Hubert or Gene.

W. H. VON DREELE

Thoughts of Chairman Mao, No. 82

The heart-warming story of an Heroic Air Squadron, guided by the thought of Mao Tse-tung, as recounted in the English-language *Peking Review* (we translate not):

"A Chinese People's Liberation Army air squadron, which is boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tse-tung's thought and to his proletarian revolutionary line, is a heroic collective defending China's skies. Members of this unit have defended Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and downed or damaged fourteen enemy planes during the last decade or more.

" 'Fill our very souls with Mao Tse-tung's thought!

" 'Use Mao Tse-tung's thought to guide our every move in every air combat mission!'

"Such are the pledges of this heroic collective.

"The Ministry of National Defense has conferred upon it the honored title of 'Heroic Air Squadron.'

"For a decade and more, the Heroic Air Squadron has unswervingly followed the proletarian line of the great leader Chairman Mao in army building, the line of giving first place and chief emphasis to building the army politically. The airmen had only just mastered their basic skills when they came face to face with war provocations by U.S. imperialist planes. Burning with hatred, they were eager to fight the enemy, but China's Khrushchev and the counter-revolutionary revisionist Peng Teh-huai tried to hold them back, alleging that modern warfare depended solely on steel, technique and machinery. These revisionists expressed their doubts that these airmen, sons of poor families with little previous

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schooling and with flying records of only twenty or thirty hours, could defeat 'ace' U.S. air pirates.

"Spurred on by their loyalty to the motherland, to the people and to the great leader Chairman Mao, the airmen decided to refute the revisionists' absurd argument with action. Giving full play to the factor of man and displaying tremendous courage in fighting, they shot down three enemy planes in their very first engagement. This victory dealt a telling blow to the arrogance of the seemingly powerful U.S. air pirates and squashed the nonsense that 'technique comes first' advocated by China's Khrushchev and the counter-revolutionary revisionist Peng Teh-huai. It fully bore out the truth that the greatest fighting power resides not in steel, technique or machinery, but in people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought."

Notes & Asides

Last May (you will remember), we published as a supplement an issue of the *New York Times* "reporting" the previous day's news as a number of Americans would like to see it; or to put it exactly as we did in the small type, "to represent the morning's news as it would appear if, on the evening before, the editors of *Ramparts* and *Partisan Review*, Conor Cruise O'Brien and * * * [R.I.P.], were elected as a Special Advisory Committee to God."

It makes for gruesome reading now, a year later. The main headline: "Viet Situation Worsens: /Saigon Pullout Rumored." And the second lead: "RFK TO MAKE/WHITE HOUSE/RACE IN 1968." And other headlines, communicating the now almost workaday violence. . . . "WALLACE FATE/REMAINS DARK/Negro Militants Still In/Full Control of Selma." The deterioration in the Rhodesian situation ("Death Toll in Rhodesia/Cut to 1,700"). Time marches on. There have always been very good reasons for fearing the future, and very good reasons for yearning for the past.

● The news of the assassination reached me as I was wondering what to say the following evening—at a debate—in Tennessee—with a Negro—on civil rights. Vanderbilt College, Nashville, Julian Bond, Friday, April 5. The chancellor called Mr. Bond and me together before we went onstage at the huge gymnasium at which six thousand students and faculty and townspeople sat feeling the gloom and apprehension that poured out of Memphis, 150 miles away. He whispered to us that he had conducted an intensive search of the building in search of hidden weapons, and that none had been found (I think I was more relieved than Mr. Bond). Mr. Bond got up to speak for his allotted 45 minutes, quiet, dignified, almost matter-of-fact: with a message of scorn, despair, bitterness. The leitmotif was that at Memphis the night before, the shame of America had been finally exposed—"nonviolence was murdered last night in Memphis." I disagreed. Sharply. (I almost said violently.) The students and faculty, for the most part liberals, were acutely attentive. But they didn't really know—who does?—where to go from here.

● A memorandum from Dorothy Rea on reader response (as of March 22): "The marijuana articles continue to draw mail, along with a whole slew of letters applauding the new On the Right arrangement. . . . R. Kirk's column on Professor Gilbaugh's mistreatment attracted a lot of prominent Californians who apparently know the case well. . . . Very good reaction to article on Pastor Wurmbrand, Strausz-Hupé's 'The Kremlin's Undiminished Appetite' and James Fletcher's 'The Politics of Emptiness.' . . . Patrolman Dan Mahoney, who launched the American-flag-on-auto-antenna project we wrote about, says sales have boomed. . . . Belated hate-letter from someone who says that the Guide to Unsatisfactory People was 'derivative, unsophisticated, sophomoric, smug, obscure, etc.' . . . Several congratulations on J. Burnham's review of the Podhoretz book. . . . A bunch of graduate students appreciate R. Kostelanetz's telling it like it is. Francis J. Brown's article on academic freedom in same issue well-received. . . . Appears that a number of our readers like Sen. Fulbright and any criticism of him, especially if flippant, arouses them. . . ."

● Snotty-letter-wise, a nice one came in the other day, from Colonel Blimp in, of all places, New Concord, Ohio. "Sir: Mr. Buckley as the licensed buffoon of the Extreme Right with his mission of comforting the comfortable and afflicting the afflicted, with his verbal arabesques and vapid poses, was a tolerably amusing spectacle. However, the gratuitously insulting reference to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in your issue of Feb. 27 displays a far less tolerable trait. As a subject of Her Majesty, I would far prefer to be ruled by the Lord's anointed than by a mendacious and murderous demagogue." Not bad. Not bad at all. . . . The Fellowship of Reconciliation for Metropolitan and Suburban New York is sponsoring a "vigil-fast-assembly" in Central Park, to which we have been invited. The coupon calls for us to check which of five activities we are prepared to undertake. Our favorite is activity 4: "I expect to commit Acts of Humanity at the Tables." . . . And for headline of the fortnight, the undisputed champion, *New York Times*, April 8: "PUERTO RICAN SELF-HELP UNIT HERE DEMANDS GRANT."—**WFB**

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Letter From the Continent

Dog Eats Dog in the Satellite World

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

What is going on now in the satellite world is a highly complex evolution with many aspects and many implications. The free world would do well to keep tabs on it. A process of disintegration in the Red camp is clearly under way in which five contributory factors are discernible. There is, first of all, the challenge to Soviet leadership which originated in Yugoslavia twenty years ago. China and Albania joined in the act and this strengthened the suspicion among the satellites that the USSR could be challenged with impunity.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The second factor, underrated by most of those who observe from great distances, is the still vigorous ethnic nationalism of East-Central and Eastern Europe. Nationalistic loyalties, prejudices and animosities are exercised internally as well as in interstate relations. Rumanians, even the Rumanian Communists, hate the Soviet Union for holding historically Rumanian areas. In Yugoslavia we see a strong revival of the antagonism between Croats and Serbs, Serbs and Macedonian Bulgars, and even between Slovenes and Serbs. The ethnic problem also crops up powerfully in Czechoslovakia. This time not the Sudeten Germans, but the Slovaks are kicking against Czech nationalism and, secretly, against Czech Communism. It is possible that Czechoslovakia might again become the hyphenated Czecho-Slovakia—and who can tell where such a development might lead.

The third factor is that worldwide phenomenon, the restlessness of the younger generation. At one time students formed a very small élite, but today hordes of young people attend universities. It has always been the privilege of adolescents to kick against authority, regardless of its structure and character—parental authority, the authority of the school, the authority of the dominant ideology. If the official doctrine is liberal democracy, then youth will ask for fascism, socialism or nihilistic anarchy. If the prescribed *Weltanschauung* is that rare mixture of statism and free enterprise that prevails in Spain, the students will ask for "liberal socialism," even if such a thing cannot exist. In the Communist world the students demand freedom and material well-being. Of course the concrete desires of the various student bodies have no common denominator; they are based on anti-feelings. Extremes of wealth (creating boredom) or poverty (creating hatred, envy and despair) will render them explosive. In the Communist world this works—directly or obliquely—against Communism.

New Bogeymen

The fourth factor is genuine intellectual and artistic restlessness. Intellectuals and artists have a special vested interest in liberty of expression or, to be more precise, in the liberty of recorded, formulated and published expression. In order to gain full satisfaction, intellectuals and artists always want to be original and in the natural order of things this means nonconformity. If, however, nonconformity is repressed and outlawed, then intellectuals and creative artists must choose among cynical serfdom, noncooperation and heroic opposition. To make matters worse for Communism, East-Central and Eastern Europe are very literature-oriented. Much of the history of the Continent has been conditioned by literary developments. In the long run literary currents determine the general evolution—or revolution.

The fifth factor is the profound inner crisis of the Communist idea which, in order to keep alive, now clutches at highly artificial, distant and exotic issues. Vietnam, neocolonialism, South African apartheid, saintly Rhodesian terrorists, the United Fruit Company, Nazi SS Commanders in the Israeli army, and so on. The old red herrings—unemployed workers in capitalist countries, Wall Street and the Bank of England, aristocratic generals and money-crazy archbishops—are, for a variety of reasons, no longer effective bogeymen. The high living standards and intellectual freedom of the West are too well known in the East and dramatic exploits in the heavens, with the moon as immediate goal, no longer excite the masses. The collapse of the Stalin myth is another contributing factor. And the horrors of the Stalinists (and post-Stalinists) in the satellite world are being increasingly aired. If the admitted misdeeds of a given system transcend a certain volume, the system itself loses all credibility. A man who commits manslaughter every month will finally be suspected of being a real murderer.

All these factors constitute a pattern which can be traced from country to country, sometimes even from province to province, modified by the *genius loci*: the impetuosity of the Poles and Hungarians, though the latter are still licking their wounds; the prudence and circumspection of the Czechs who move only when they are convinced that the time is ripe for action; the greater aggressiveness of the Slovaks; the cautious, fence-sitting tendency of the Slovenes; the toughness of the Croats; the disciplinary bent of the Prussians, and so forth. What we are observing now is a curious and complex attempt by sometimes small, sometimes larger groups of Communist Party leaders in the satellite world to control or exploit to their own advantage a process of fermentation they have come to regard as an undeniable fact. The forces opposed to the status quo are on the march, though at different stages and in different settings, and with almost endless variations on the theme. Is the game worth the feverish activity? Everything is in the balance.

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COVER STORY

Widespread violence broke out in Washington after Dr. King's assassination. Washington is an integrated city with an established and fast-growing Negro middle class. Why did it happen there?

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL TO BE BLACK

PHILIP A. McCOMBS

"BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL," said a sign in the Washington office of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, "AND IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL TO BE BLACK." A wide-eyed girlish face peered from under the words. It was one of many wall posters. Adjacent was a "Freedom Flag." The imprint of a black hand covered a white circle on a red field. An efficient clerk explained the symbolism and distributed leaflets. Other women enlisted volunteers. The office was hot. The roar of street life intruded from outside. Outside was Shaw, a 145-block section crammed with 140,000 people. The White House was nineteen blocks away. Washington's Negro community was busily preparing for Martin Luther King's Poor People's Campaign, which was to begin next week.

Then Dr. King was assassinated. Violence swept the nation. Negroes rioted, looted and set fires in Washington. Twelve thousand troops were called into the nation's capital to restore order. Strict curfews were enforced. The White House was encircled by a steel security cable. A soldier with a machine gun stood on the Capitol steps. Much of the predominantly Negro area in the center of the city was sealed off to traffic.

According to plans, Washington was to be the nation's great nonviolent city. It was to set the example. Everyone conceded violence might break out there, but few thought it would. In the raging racial violence of the past few summers, Washington was tense but nonviolent. A large and growing Negro middle class flourishes. The city is largely integrated. More public and private social aid for poor Negroes is provided than in most other big cities. The Federal Government is a steady and plentiful source of jobs. There are

very few, if any, real slums. There is a Negro mayor and a largely Negro city administration that devotes itself to racial problems.

'New City of Hope'

As Dr. King planned his Poor People's Campaign during the past several months these questions were paramount: would there be violence? Would Dr. King be able to keep things under control? Would the small radical elements be able to ruin things? Most Negro leaders thought things would not get out of hand. But not all agreed. The national NAACP refused to support the campaign, and NAACP national treasurer Alfred Baker Lewis accused Dr. King of practicing "his own peculiar kind of brinksmanship." Now Dr. King is dead. Washington Negroes have rioted. The issue is resolved: it can happen anywhere, seemingly without regard for how much has been done for Negro progress. (At our press time, it was not as yet clear whether Dr. King's successors will, as they said they would, go ahead with the Poor People's Campaign—statements to the effect that the campaign was on were made prior to the weekend of violence.)

What kind of brinksmanship did Mr. Lewis refer to? Dr. King had planned to "dislocate" Washington with "militant, dynamic nonviolence." The aim was to pressure Congress for jobs and welfare. The program was for Dr. King to arrive in Washington this week to consult with congressmen and officials. Three thousand poor people would follow and build the "New City of Hope" with tents. "Waves of the nation's poor and disinherited" were expected to follow. A few dozen Stanford and Berkeley students were to have received formal academic credit for attending.

Subsequent plans were vague. "Escalation" would be the theme: congressional inaction would mean trouble. The campaign would last many weeks, perhaps into the summer. The poor would live in the tent city, be fed, doctored, entertained and educated in Freedom Schools. But after the assassination all restraints were gone.

The city had made careful preparations to avoid violence in the march. The strategy was to be "accommodation, not containment." The object was to prevent any excuse for violence from arising. The bulk of the city's vast welfare network provided the means. Everyone was pitching in. Everything was being thought of. When the poor arrived, there would be food waiting for them three times a day. There would be medical, dental, and child care facilities available. If the tent city flopped, alter-

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nate housing would be ready. City recreation facilities would be open 24 hours a day. There would be transportation, and programs to keep people busy and out of trouble. Many of these accommodations have now been brought into action earlier than planned in order to deal with the rioting. Presumably political plans were being mapped with key congressmen so that the demands of the marchers and congressional action would have been coordinated enough to keep Carmichael out of the action.

"We're going to find ways to make this a peaceful demonstration," said Julian Dugas, a top aide to Mayor Walter E. Washington, several weeks ago. "We've got too much to lose by violence. Things are bad, but they could be worse. We'd lose more than we'd gain."

It is commonly said that Washington is a Negro city. What does that mean? What kind of a city is it?

It is the only major city in the United States in which Negroes outnumber whites. Total population was about 800,000 in 1965. Sixty-one per cent of that was Negro. Schools are more than 90 per cent Negro.

A Pocketed Quality

District Negroes think of themselves as better off than Negroes in other cities. Census figures for 1960 showed 22,000 nonwhite families earned above $8,000; 10,800 families above $10,000, and 141 families above $25,000. The figures would be substantially higher today. A 1966 Harris survey found average Negro family income $6,650.

Many are poor. The Census showed one-fourth of the Negro families living below the poverty line of $3,000. A National Capital Planning Commission report found 41.5 per cent of the District's families occupy inadequate housing.

Yet there are no slums in Washington to compare with those in other large cities. Nothing so monolithic, so discouraging. Shaw is one of the worst areas. Like everything else in the city, it is spread out. Small brick row-houses predominate. You can see the sky. Clifton Terrace Apartments in Shaw is closest to a New York slum. But across the street is a new building with built-in air conditioning. A few blocks away is a new school and a strikingly new high-rise.

The pocketed quality is significant. The entire city follows the pattern. No bad block is without its middle-class building. No bad block is far from a good one. No child is far from seeing what a college education or a steady job can mean. Nobody is far from middle-class values.

Even Anacostia has changed. It used to be "the wastebasket of Washington," something like Harlem, located many miles from Washington's sparkling public buildings. Now there are many large new apartment buildings there. New supermarkets and shopping centers abound. Amid throngs in one supermarket the only white face belonged to a check-out boy.

The amount of public and private welfare in the District is phenomenal. President Johnson's new budget request for Washington includes $107.9 million for health and welfare. Private social agencies of high quality are everywhere at work. The number and diversity of programs is beyond enumeration. The Metropolitan Washington Board of Trade has launched a program to provide jobs for as many as 2,500 hard-core unemployed next year. The Urban League has begun a massive program to close the "racial gap." It will sponsor, among other things, 24-hour ALERT squads of youths to prevent riots by rushing to the scenes of incidents and calming people down. There is scarcely a neighborhood in the city where some project is not under way. Mayor Washington bustles from one project or crisis to another: urban renewal, freeways, health, schools, transportation. The mayoralty came into being in 1967, replacing a three-man commission. It was a major political victory for District Negroes. The city is suffused with an ethos of progress, action, speed.

Washington has a substantial middle class. Federal Government jobs account for much Negro prosperity. They are secure and plentiful and carry automatic promotions. They have only recently opened fully to Negroes with enforcement of nondiscrimination declarations under Truman and Eisenhower. There are many Negro doctors and lawyers, and more and more entrepreneurs and businessmen. Middle and upper-class Negroes live pretty much where they want in the District. There is also a largely Negro "Gold Coast" neighborhood of substantial, ivy-covered stone and brick homes priced above $50,000.

But public and private social workers unanimously warn against overoptimism. Some people are still hungry in Anacostia. Many live in wretched housing. It's hot in the summer and jobs are scarce. There is a lot of wild and bitter feeling. The tinder is always ready.

Mixed Emotions

A walk through Shaw brings the warning home. You can see the sky and the new buildings. But Shaw is ferment, heat, Negroes everywhere, Jazzland, pig tails at 29¢ a pound, thousands sitting on little porches, trash everywhere, kids running, sweat, big beat-up cars and small grubby front yards. America is mad for Volkswagens, but you don't see them in Shaw. You see beautiful black women though. You see thousands of well-dressed Negroes coming home from a tough day at the office. Attaché cases, shiny new cars, business suits, young integrated couples arm-in-arm. All told, a mixture of poor and middle class. The Liebowian Negro streetcorner man and the new Negro executive, together.

Washington newspapers, while full of optimistic news of the mayor's latest speech and the new social projects and the Urban League's responsible integrationism, can be gloomy too. The oratory often runs high and irresponsible. "Damn Whitey, damn that rotten Congress!" shouts a prominent Negro leader. "If you are afraid to kill Goliath, then your children will have to kill him," warns another, a minister. A leader of welfare mothers says: "Our kids are dying for this country but we're not supposed to demonstrate, and now they tell us we have to work even if we don't want to."

Washington is integrated. Negroes and whites shop the big downtown stores together, eat in all the restaurants together, live, work and party together. It is difficult to say the extent to which meaningful and lasting relationships are formed between middle-class black and white. But they are formed. In comfortable middle-class surroundings the question of integration often becomes academic.

The Southwest Urban Renewal Area is pretty well mixed. It used to be a large slum just south of Capitol Hill. The slum was torn down during the 1950s. The place simply lay vacant for years while 20,000

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poor Negroes had to hunt elsewhere. Finally attractive apartments and townhouses were built. Now it's black and white together at $17,000 to $90,000 for cooperative apartments and $86,000 to $109,000 for townhouses. Foggy Bottom was similarly renewed. Shaw is scheduled to be renewed, and there is considerable furor over it. Less-than-affluent middle-class and poor Negroes complain that if urban renewal continues they won't have anywhere to live.

Integration extends to lower economic levels, where it is less accepted. The row-houses in many sections contain black and white. Usually this means poor white. Sections tend toward one extreme or the other. Georgetown is mostly white, Anacostia black. Some areas are evenly mixed, however.

Negroes hold good jobs in stores and banks throughout the city. No longer are they window dressing. They work upstairs where the public doesn't see them. They earn good money. Everyone is looking for a qualified Negro.

It hasn't been this way for long. After the war, Negroes were confined to a small part of the city. A long legal battle gradually opened schools, stores, restaurants, housing and government jobs. One result was a white flight to the suburbs. Yet integration became a reality.

Light-skinned Negroes, the ultimate in integration, are all over the city. Skin color had long been an important factor in the Negro social hierarchy. Now this distinction has broken down. One woman buying a new car had to fill out a credit form asking, among other things, her color. "Beige," she wrote.

What the Middle Class Thinks

A few weeks ago, before the assassination and the riots in Washington, I set out to find out what the Negro middle class thinks, what elements comprise Washington's Negro community, and how they were likely to respond to the Poor People's Campaign.

— "I've got no identity problems," says Mrs. C., a doctor's wife. "I know my ancestors. One worked for Dolly Madison in the White House. She was free. Another was an Irishwoman. My mother is quite a person. She brought us up to believe we should be treated as equals, hoping that by the time we grew up it would be so. Now if I'm treated poorly, I know it is the other person who is wrong, who is dirt."

— A popular leader at Howard, Washington's predominantly Negro university: "I had a dream. Darkness, all black. Then a big 1968 blazed. The letters were all *flaming*, man. Then mobs. Mobs of Negroes, man. Swarming up to the White House and into the White House. And grab Johnson, and drag him outside and cut off that motha's head right there on the front porch. And then into Mayor Washington's office. And Negroes stabbing, stabbing, *killing* that Tom. Swarms of Negroes. Streets running with blood. And I hear shots. And then a voice comes to me out of the thunder—jus' as *plain*, man—and says, 'The Negro millennium is close at hand!' And I was *scared*, man." Laughter and applause from his circle of friends.

'One of Those Megacepts'

— A white student who spent three summers working for a District welfare agency: "I've been all over this city, in every part of the ghetto, and never got any friction: no jibes, nobody messed up my car. But that was in the daytime. I wouldn't push it too far. Everything in this town is integrated except, I think, there was some flap about a washroom up at the Capitol power plant. But it's just acceptance. There's nothing really conscious about the integration. Negroes still can't get into some clubs. Big deal."

— The directress of a welfare department and two members of her staff: "Ultimate ends? That's one of those megacepts that can't be answered. We just want to help people."

"Negroes just want a piece of the pie, man, that's all. They don't want to overthrow the system. They just want a slice."

"These are emotional problems. Go out there and have a look. Look at the schools. Kids fighting in the halls, all the windows broken, not enough teachers. Don't sit here and intellectualize."

— Mr. John Theban is executive director of Family and Child Services, a private welfare organization: "Many factors dampen the urge to violence here. Besides the great amount of social work, there is a capacity for repression here that everyone senses. Several large military installations are nearby. The local government is committed. Most Negroes believe you *can* integrate. You'd be amazed at how quickly the poor take on middle-class values if they're given a chance."

—Mrs. Maxine L. Brown is a project director of Washington's Family and Child Services: "One segment of the middle class identifies with the poor and another segment doesn't. The first thinks only in terms of how tough it was to make it. They say the hell with you if you can't make

it. The others understand, contribute, and support Dr. King. This more progressive group is just coming to wealth and power, and is threatening the old middle class. It's a new thing. This group is the backbone of Negro progress. They embrace the good old American values. They're learning how to behave. They've got color TVs and mink coats. They view the establishment with mixed feelings but they can work with it. Stokely worries the middle class. They hate his guts."

— The Rev. Channing Phillips, a Negro leader, sees yet another split in the middle class. The Concerned are divided into "civic interest types" and militant intellectuals: "The middle class is basically fearful, scared to death of stirring things up or raising ill-will. This is a company town, and it's hard to demonstrate against the Administration that you're working for. The militant intellectuals see a rotten cancer in the whole system and can't abide gradualism.

"Integration doesn't mean much here. Once the system is broken so the Negro can live where he wants to, his desire for good schools and safe neighborhoods takes over. Integration isn't the main goal. It's incidental.

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"The feeling of utter hopelessness is mostly gone. I don't hope for rapid significant change, only that conditions will improve."

— Canon John Walker of Washington National Cathedral: "When Dr. King met with Negro leaders here to plan his march, I was amazed at the questions he was asked. Will the civil disobedience be controlled? Will my property be in danger? It might as well have been a white group.

'So I See a Ray of Hope'

"I was visiting my mother in Detroit during the riots there. I was in a small Negro neighborhood. The people were middle class, but just barely. Yet they viewed the rioters with disdain and refused to purchase the loot. When it was rumored that ghetto dwellers were going to burn down this neighborhood for being out of sympathy with the riot, the people armed themselves and called the police. Troops came to guard them. So I see a ray of hope."

— Mrs. Elizabeth Glenn Sarpy, director of the District of Columbia Health and Welfare Council: "I was raised in the middle class. My parents were warm and sensitive and helpful. I had my battles—being called nigger—but their reaction was intelligent and calm. I didn't grow up with hatred inside. I had a kind of security. I like that phrase. A kind of security. That means you can handle things because you feel a certain way."

— Charles Duncan is the District's Corporation Counsel and a top aide to Mayor Washington: "There are many elements to the Negro community here. The one I like best and am proudest of is the majority constituted by working wives and husbands who have combined incomes between ten and twenty thousand, who don't break the law, whose kids don't drop out, and of whom nothing is ever said."

—Julian Dugas, who is Mayor Washington's aide: "Washington is unlike any other city in America in that there are many Negroes who have entered the lower middle class. The militants just don't fit in. They are frustrated because they can't find a base here. Even for the very poor there's always a ray of hope. The main industry doesn't shut down.

"There are many ordinary Negroes. Many hide their inability to be competitive in American society behind the façade of race. They want to create mediocrity because they are mediocre. Seldom do you find the highly skilled people being irresponsible. They go about changing things quietly with the briefcase, not with the sword."

Washington should have a lesson to teach: there is hope, more hope than reading the daily papers would indicate. There is a large middle class that doesn't want violence. Even for the very poor, hopelessness is a thing of the past. Most middle class Negroes and whites talk of problems in a low-keyed, unideological way that makes the recent Riot Commission Report seem somewhat overstated and oversimplified. These Negroes share American values. Yet they are not Toms. And their concern for their poorer black brethren shows that they have transcended the nothingness and gutlessness that E. Franklin Frazier's classic *Black Bourgeoisie* attributed to them.

A Few Make Big Trouble

Despite it all, Washington erupted. Much of the optimism has turned to shock. Most of the disorder took place in the central city area of which Shaw is a large part. One newsman reported driving up a main street in this area at 70 miles per hour while hundreds of Negroes heaved bricks at his car. He barely escaped. This was on 14th Street. Two blocks away, on 16th, Negroes and whites calmly waited at bus stops together. It is clear that a very small number can bring on big trouble.

This being true, things look grim. The predominantly Negro Howard University in Washington is a hotbed of radicalism. There are enough zealots there to start anything. I talked with a group of them recently, before the riots and assassination. They were firmly racist and firmly revolutionary. They pointed out that the black man occupies enough key positions in communications and transportation in America's big cities to bring the nation to a grinding halt. Even some parts of the Negro "establishment" in Washington have talked violence. Julius Hobson is one. He has performed many high-level tasks for the city administration. Yet last week he was saying nonviolence as a form of protest was dead. "I say that the next white man that comes into the black community preaching nonviolence should be dealt with violently," he said.

But most of Washington's Negro leaders were advocating nonviolence. Public opinion radio programs were jammed with calls from Negroes throughout the city calling for nonviolence. Most hoped "the spirit of Martin Luther King" would prevail.

On the first night of violence Mayor Washington, Dugas and Duncan took a drive through the riot area. A reporter from the *Evening Star* was with them. Mayor Washington sat speechless with shock. He watched looting in progress, saw a man hurl a pop bottle at a speeding car. He heard the obscenities directed at passing motorists. Finally he spoke. "Well, I guess this is our recreation program for the summer." No one laughed.

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Latter Day Revisionism

Why Vietnam Is Kennedy's War

JEAN JEFFRIES

"We are going to win in Vietnam. We will remain here until we do win. . . . Vietnam's struggle to preserve its independence against Communist aggression is a grave one which affects free countries everywhere."
—Robert F. Kennedy (from Saigon), *N. Y. Times,* February 19, 1962

"[Our objectives] are the independence of South Vietnam—or at least, its independent right to determine its own future. They are to halt the aggression from the North and to prove to China that a policy of subversion in other lands will not work. These are worthy objectives."
—RFK, *U.S. News & World Report,* March 7, 1966,

"I therefore support the objectives of the Administration."
—RFK, *U. S. News,* March 14, 1966,

"First, we were making the effort there so that people would have their own right to decide their own future. . . . Now, we changed and we've switched—maybe they don't want it, but we want [sic]. We're killing . . . innocent people because we don't want to have the war fought on American soil, or because they're 12,000 miles away and they might get 11,000 miles away. . . . Our whole moral position, it seems to me, changes tremendously."
—RFK, television interview reported in *N.Y. Times,* November 27, 1967

In the dovecotes of Academe, the word of ultimate opprobrium these days is not "Communist" but "anti-Communist." For Dr. Spock and Bill Coffin, the enemy is not Red China, but LBJ. For the New Left, Vietnam is a local affair in which America should never have been involved.

These are the views of the dissident liberals who have waged the successful campaign to dump Johnson in 1968 and replace him, presumably, with Senator Robert Kennedy. It therefore seems reasonable to assume that if Senator Kennedy is to effectively command the loyalty of this group, he must disassociate himself from the war they despise. But how? For if President Johnson's war policy is to be thought of as the logical extension of President Kennedy's, Robert Kennedy's role as critic of the present Administration's policy is seriously compromised.

But this problem was apparently resolved last November when the Senator, appearing on "Face the Nation," severed his brother's Vietnam war from the one now going on. The Kennedy war, according to Senator Kennedy, was fought because the South Vietnamese wanted our help; the Johnson war is being fought to protect our own selfish (and somewhat dubious) national interest. The first war was "their" war; the current war is "our" war. One can now condemn one and not the other.

With this interview Robert Kennedy moved into the camp of the war critics mobilizing on President Johnson's left flank. When he did so, he was able to pitch his tent on the ground already cleared by other members of the Kennedy government in exile. In articles on how to end the war, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. (*New York Times* Magazine, September 18, 1966), Theodore Sorensen (*Saturday Review,* October 21, 1967), and J. Kenneth Galbraith (*Playboy,* November, 1967, and the *New York Times* Magazine, November 12, 1967)[1] had already strongly suggested that John Kennedy's war was *qualitatively* different from Johnson's war.

Something important is at stake here. "History," the cynic says, "is politics projected into the past." Three writers closely associated with President Kennedy have subtly redefined his view of the Vietnam conflict so that it seems less like Johnson's and more like Dr. Spock's. Right under our noses, John Kennedy is being appropriated for the peace marchers.

II

The Schlesinger, Sorensen, and Galbraith assessments of the Vietnam war are remarkably similar. Sorensen and Galbraith now believe our involvement was a mistake—but a mistake which they clearly imply President Kennedy would have admitted and rectified. Sorensen writes, "I realize that it is difficult for our proud nation to acknowledge error instead of compounding it—but we did exactly that at the Bay of Pigs." Galbraith escalates the error to "a massive miscalculation—perhaps the worst in our history" and finds it "tempting to argue that this error should be corrected simply by reversing the action—as President Kennedy did at the Bay of Pigs." (Since it was during Kennedy's Administration that Americans began dying in Vietnam battles, this is something like saying, "I realize it is difficult for France to admit invading Russia was a blunder—but Napoleon was never afraid to admit *he'd* goofed." There must be a name for this technique—but what?)

Professor Schlesinger also contrasts our present involvement in Vietnam with Kennedy's restraint in other foreign confrontations. He speaks of Johnson's "indiscriminate use of power" in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam and of Kennedy's "discriminate employment of power" in the Cuban missile crisis. He contrasts the way in which President Johnson has "systematically inflated the significance of the war in Vietnam" with President Kennedy's effort "to pull Laos out of the context of great-power conflict." President Kennedy, Schlesinger tells us, told Khrushchev in 1961 that Laos "was just not important enough to entangle two great nations." Maybe so. But Kennedy's public statements on Laos, both before and after his meeting with Khrushchev, are quite different. In his March 23, 1961 press conference, for instance, he said, "The security of all Southeast Asia will be endangered if Laos loses its neutral independence. Its own safety runs with the safety of us all, in real neutrality observed by all." And immediately following the Vienna summit, President Kennedy warned the nation that Khrushchev believed "the so-called wars of liberation . . . supported by the Kremlin, would replace the old methods of direct aggression and invasion." Some three months later he

1. All the Schlesinger, Sorensen and Galbraith quotes in this article are from these pieces.

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told the United Nations, "The very simple question confronting the world community is whether measures can be devised to protect the small and weak from such [guerrilla] tactics. For if they are successful in Laos and South Vietnam, the gates will be open."

III

Another step in divorcing President Kennedy from his own foreign policy comes in the discussion of how we became involved in the war. Professor Schlesinger believes our involvement came through "a series of small decisions;" Professor Galbraith calls it the result of "a long series of seemingly minor steps." But behind these steps was a view of the nature of the conflict which the Kennedy group now finds to be totally inaccurate. In the account of Schlesinger and Galbraith this "faulty" view is consistently associated not with the man responsible for our foreign policy, the President, but with his agent, the Secretary of State.

Thus Galbraith speaks disparagingly of the "political and military justification" of the war: "This justification was the assumed existence of a united, homogeneous and militantly evangelical Communism that has chosen South Vietnam as the weak point for a probe. Speaking to the National Press Club some six months after he assumed office, Secretary of State Rusk gave an explicit formulation of the view. . . ." And Schlesinger: "Our Government has insisted so often that the war in Vietnam is a clear-cut case of aggression across frontiers that it has come to believe itself that the war was started in Hanoi and can be stopped there. 'The war,' the Secretary of State has solemnly assured us, 'is clearly an armed attack, cynically and systematically mounted by the Hanoi regime against the people of South Vietnam." (Elsewhere in the article, Mr. Schlesinger has Secretary Rusk "running on" about the Communist conspiracy and "confiding" to a columnist that he [Rusk] is "not the village idiot.")

The reader is nowhere reminded, however, that these "faulty" assumptions about the nature of the conflict were upheld with equal vigor by President Kennedy and his brother. In 1962 (*N.Y. Times,* Feb. 19), for example, Robert Kennedy said, "Hanoi may deny its responsibility, but the guilt is clear. In a flagrant violation of its signed pledge in Geneva in 1954, the North Vietnamese regime has launched on a course to destroy the Republic of Vietnam."

Why is this view attributed instead to Rusk? Perhaps because it is crucial to the two-war doctrine that these compelling assumptions underlying our involvement *not* be associated with President Kennedy. For Schlesinger writes, "The proposition that our real enemy in Vietnam is China is basic to the policy of widening the war. It is the vital element in the Administration's case." And, "Given this view [of the nature of the conflict] it is presumably necessary to pay the greatest cost and run the greatest risks—or else invite the greatest defeat. Given this view, too, there is no reason not to Americanize the war." And it is precisely the point that Kennedy would *not* have "Americanized" the war.

IV

In seeking to prove that John Kennedy would not have widened the war, Schlesinger writes:

> President Kennedy did not believe that the war in Vietnam could succeed as a war of white men against Asians. It could not be won, he said a few weeks before his death, "unless the people [of South Vietnam] support the effort. . . . We can help them, we can give them equipment, we can send our men out there as advisers, but they have to win it, the people of Vietnam." We have now junked this doctine. Instead, we have enlarged our military presence until it is the only thing that matters in South Vietnam.

We have now made it clear, Professor Schlesinger adds, that "it is an *American* war."

Theodore Sorensen uses much the same quotation to arrive at the same conclusion:

> "In the final analysis," said President Kennedy in the fall of 1963, "it is their war. They are the ones who have to win it or lose it . . . the people of Vietnam." But as we pour in more troops, destroying in the process their economic stability more effectively than the Communists have even done, it has become *our* war.

And that, it would seem, settles it. President Kennedy considers it *their* war, not ours. If the South Vietnamese didn't want to prosecute the war, it wasn't our prerogative to interfere.

But there are times when a statement can be taken out of context and used in such a way that it seems to support a particular argument, *whereas in context it supports the opposite view.*

This is one of those times.

V

The quotation in question comes from a television interview reported in the *New York Times* on September 3, 1963. It is easy to forget that at that time the situation in Vietnam was deteriorating rapidly. The South

Vietnamese Army wouldn't fight, and the Diem regime was strongly anti-Buddhist and increasingly anti-American. The week before, de Gaulle had proposed a neutralization plan that called for American withdrawal, and the plan was reportedly backed by Diem's brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu.

In a September 1 *Times* story, Tad Szulc had written: "The United States is deeply engaged in an immensely uncertain and dangerous political operation aimed, in effect, at saving the

(Continued on p. 411)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Publish and Perish

RUSSELL KIRK

YOUR SERVANT, though himself extensively published, long has been an opponent of the academic policy of promoting—or retaining—college faculty people on the basis of how many books and articles they have contrived to get into print. This is one basis for judgment, yet not the only one: some of the better professors I have known, scholars of the old school, have published almost nothing.

Therefore I mourn when I learn that some highly competent college teacher has gone to the wall because he didn't scribble, scribble, scribble. After all, half of our "scholarly" publications are worth scarcely the paper they are printed upon; and for that matter, even remarkably unscholarly publications, if sufficient in volume, will suffice at many an institution.

Kirk

But I mourn still more profoundly when I learn that an able lecturer, and a lively influence upon students, has been dismissed (or allowed to wither on the academic vine until he essays his fortune elsewhere) despite the fact that he also has published much of enduring merit. Publish *and* perish is worse than publish or perish.

Just this occurred recently at the University of Virginia. One of the leading intellectual lights of Jefferson's foundation was Dr. Gordon Tullock, sometime associate professor of economics there. Dr. Tullock has departed perforce for Rice University —which really is Virginia's loss, not Tullock's, for Rice's reputation rises superior to Virginia's nowadays.

For three years, Dr. Tullock was denied promotion at Virginia—apparently because of the hostility of a petty tyrant of Academe—and kept upon a minimum salary. Two colleagues of his in economics were similarly treated, and also departed at last for greener pastures. Now Professor James Buchanan, one of the best-reputed people in public finance at any university, has resigned in protest against the treatment of Dr. Tullock (his collaborator in an innovating book, *The Calculus of Consent*).

Tullock and Buchanan are men of mark; but also they have the misfortune to be scholars of a conservative bent. Their national reputation for originality—commingling economics with political theory—may have worked against them, for there is no jealousy so bitter as that of academic mediocrity (especially when entrenched in a deanship) for academic superiority.

The *Cavalier Daily*, the University's student newspaper—an unusually intelligent and temperate publication of its sort—has taken up the cause of these professors; the university administration cloaks itself in a sullen silence. The academic envy of a dean—who resents the intrusion of economists into political science—doubtless is a cause of this persecution, and so is ideological prejudice. Dr. Buchanan's account of the affair deserves publication in part here.

"The University is playing out a string that began six years ago," Mr. Buchanan says. "Under the Kennedy Administration, there came a great difference between the libertarian, conservative economists, and the liberals then in Kennedy favor.

"The University, in its efforts to follow this process, is playing out a string that long since passed its peak. In fact, we are very well accepted at Harvard, and the work of Mr. Tullock and myself is used as a textbook there. What's playing out here are the clichés of the 1950s and the Kennedy era."

For the past several years, furtive attempts have been made at Virginia to change the character of the department of economics, which is headed by Dr. Warren Nutter. On one occasion, the economist applied for a grant from the Ford Foundation, remarking that the economics department believed wholeheartedly in free enterprise. Foundation bureaucrats replied that they could not give any money to a department "committed to a point of view," but that the Foundation could suggest the names of scholars who would "add balance" to the department—with the implication that if such persons were engaged, then largesse might be forthcoming. This bribe was refused.

Very possibly the catholic breadth of Tullock's talents did him no good with men in power. He is the editor, for instance, of a recent valuable edition of *A Practical Guide for Ambitious Politicians, or Walsingham's Manual*, the seventeenth-century treatise on the art of the courtier (University of South Carolina Press). Such men of liberal learning are dangerous in a university: they think. Publish and perish, colleagues; for universities are meant to be sanctuaries for tenured mediocrity. Why else do they exist?

As Mr. Arthur Koestler remarks (apropos of Galileo) in *The Sleepwalkers*, intolerance is a professorial vice, and no scholar is more detested by some of his colleagues than a brilliant innovator who forces other professors to think, and perhaps to work: thought always is painful, and academic lotos-eating pleasant. Tullock, Buchanan, and their circle might have been permitted to linger on at Virginia, had they been dull conservatives merely; but innovating conservatives—no, such vexatious men must go. If suffered to remain, they might have awakened even students.

This affair is merely one instance, unusually well documented and publicly discussed, of a widespread contempt for true academic freedom prevalent just now. I could offer a half-dozen other lively illustrations at various universities, public and private, were I not sedulous to refrain from rousing administrative retaliation against professors who still entertain lingering hopes of redress or quarter. But it may be time for the General Assembly of Virginia to pay some close attention to policies behind that serpentine wall in Charlottesville.

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The Confidence Man

HUGH KENNER

"The buyer tries to come back with a lower counter-offer. 'You're crazy!' retorts Fields. 'And you're drunk!' snaps the buyer. 'Yes,' agrees Fields, 'but I'll be sober tomorrow, and you'll be crazy for the rest of your life!'"

—A detail from *It's a Gift* (1934), and in many ways an epitome of Fields, whose logic could be strangely difficult to fault. The reader who scents a fallacy will be wiser when he has tried to put a clear statement of what it is into, say, 200 words.

Fields coped in picture after picture with people—a whole population, except maybe an innocent girl or two—who would be crazy the rest of their lives and to lose them in syllogistic thickets was his most benign tactic. They had passed the Volstead Act, a deed as impenetrable to this day as the heart of Nero or the smiles of the Etruscans, and their business in life was to be prim and vigilant and very greedy, pending some mutation that should free the human species from maintaining its body temperature, thus opening to all the paradise of the toad.

THEY BROUGHT FORTH monstrous children whose affinity for molasses, than which blood is thinner, sent Fields' watch "like a stone in quicksand" to the bottom of a jar of molasses ("The minute hand won't be a bit of use") and flooded Fields' grocery store with molasses ("Closed on Account of Molasses" reads the sign on the door) without winning Fields even the approval of the mother responsible. ("First you try to drown him in molasses," commences one tirade. The name is Mrs. Dunk.)

They affirmed that there were to be no more cakes and ale. Their epicenter was, more or less, the Des Moines YWCA. By the mid-Thirties they had blighted the continent. To transcribe:

"That night, Fields has trouble sleeping, and the nagging of his wife, complaining about her years of suffering and hard work, doesn't help. Just as Fields is at the point of falling asleep the phone rings.

"'Well, why don't you answer the phone?' demands the tyrant. 'I have no maid, you know; probably never will have!' Sleepily, Fields goes to the phone, but it is a wrong number: somebody calling for the maternity hospital. Mrs. Bissonette mulls this over for a minute, then: 'Funny they should call you from the maternity hospital in the middle of the night.' Fields mumbles an explanation. 'No dear, it was someone trying to get the maternity hospital.' By now Mrs. Bissonette's sarcastic ire is fully aroused: 'Oh, now you change it! Don't make it any worse by lying about it.'"

FIELDS, IN THAT BLIGHT, was the Obsolescent Man. That was his steady role and his latent pathos. He stood for an older anarchy, which was to such a present as tent shows were to movies. The tent show was his explicit metaphor, and the juggling act, which he sneaked into movie after movie, sometimes by sheer gall *vis-à-vis* the director, was the sign of his incomprehensible *expertise*, a lost freedom asserted.

That the passionate man gives way to the administrative was a truth known to Shakespeare, whose Octavius, minutes after Cleopatra's death-music ("Give me my robe. Put on my crown. I have / Immortal longings in me"), affirms that Fearless Fosdick is his Ideal in asking only "How died she?" That the passionate man may yet survive and persist, forced into grotesque ritualism of a skill nobody wants (how to juggle balls, pick pockets, raise the ante) was a myth posterior to Shakespeare, affirmed in America, certified by Fields, who made of its affirmation a style of life.

He was a confidence man; his freedom was predatory; hence his redemption from the pathos of Jiggs. It was for no bucolic splendor that he yearned, no *Fête Champêtre*, corned beef and cabbage heaped upon the Spode, nor no lazy drift downriver with Nigger Jim beneath the Missouri stars, but for the Lord God's primal division of mankind into the Fleecers and the Fleeced, in a time before that *tertium quid*, the Respectable, had blurred these satisfying categories. For to be active according to one's nature is a great good, and to be active in the confidence that the primal categories of creation conform to one's appetite, that is a very great good indeed. What is man, that he should presume to give a sucker an even break? Fields was the Ayn Rand of Americana.

Hence *"an episode in which Fields cunningly sells a 'talking dog' to a sucker. After the deal is consummated, the new owner makes a remark at which Fields is quick to take necessary umbrage, and the dog huffily remarks that just for that, he'll never speak again. 'He probably means it, too,' prophesies ventriloquist Fields as he leaves."*

Mankind exists, so Fields thought, to have a talking dog or the Brooklyn Bridge sold to it, or the SST, or a gold brick, or the system that incorporates Fort Knox. So, too, thought Mencken and Barnum; so too, it is difficult not to suppose, thought Poor Richard. As the cube is the flimsy module which multiplied and agglomerated yields the RCA building, a megalomaniac slab, so that transaction with the talking dog is the primary structure which reduplicated and reasserted on a satisfyingly ample scale becomes a W.C. Fields picture: *The Old-Fashioned Way*, or *The Bank Dick*.

The megasucker, when Fields extends himself, is not someone inside the plot but the largest accessible entity outside it, Paramount or Uni-

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***The Art of W. C. Fields*, by William K. Everson. Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50**

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versal, which has been conned into bankrolling a film subversive of its entire corporate message, and has paid Fields not only a high price for savaging mothers and kicking babies on camera, but a high price also for the screen-play, a two-page surrealism which he covertly expanded for his own use with careful prescription of every pause and grimace, all the time letting on that he was barely sober enough to lurch onto the set and rely on his vaudeville reflexes.

THE CONTRACT TYPICALLY called for the script to be credited to an Otis Criblecoblis or a Mahatma Kane Jeeves (those were the days of Pandro S. Berman, and Fields himself had been preposterously christened William Claude Dukenfield). The script in turn called for Fields to play himself, thinly disguised as Larson E. Whipsnade or Egbert Sousé. Into at least two motion pictures he inserted, like a Bacchic afterthought, a subplot concerning his conning of a motion picture company. Into one he even introduced a movie director named A. Pismo Clam, who is so perpetually drunk that his work has to be taken over by Fields.

These majestic swindles ran, at their best, like the juggling act he brought *in extenso* into *The Old-Fashioned Way,* along with a complete performance of *The Drunkard.* The numerous elements are related by the fact that they are all simultaneously somehow in the air. No useful work is being performed by the juggler; and yet a seeming miracle is occurring, which we may attribute to the hours of practice on which he squandered his youth. If he had been learning a respectable trade there would be nothing for us to see, and here we are, enthralled.

He attempted to work his juggling act into *David Copperfield,* where he played Micawber; it was a transparently relevant piece of business, he argued, which Dickens merely didn't happen to think of. MGM demurred. In *The Bank Dick,* however, his culminating film (1940), he does not visibly juggle yet juggles transcendently, keeping in breathtaking simultaneous motion, up and down and across and past each other, drunks and con men and a movie company, a bank and its president, a bank examiner, two robbers, a nonexistent colored midget with an assegai, a shapeless wife, a brat who heaves rocks, a mother-in-law who rocks and says "Hah!," a paisley shawl and a river of beer and a butler, three careening cars, the Black Pussy Cat

Personality Posters

W. C. Fields

"Mankind exists . . . to have a talking dog or the Brooklyn Bridge sold to it, or the SST, or a gold brick. . . . So, too, thought Mencken and Barnum; so too, it is difficult not to suppose, thought Poor Richard."

Saloon, and the town of Lompoc (Calif.) which existed and exists, and which, like banks and brats and mothers-in-law and the other divertissements of respectability, he hated. I write this thirty miles from Lompoc.

Are they real? Yes, horribly real. Have they moral substance? They have none. The rewards for saving the bank's assets include "a hearty hand-shake" which consists of the president's fingers "barely touching Fields' outstretched palm for a moment—an effect that Fields heightens by going into a split-second freeze-frame," and "a copy of the bank's calendar, illustrated with an inspiring painting of 'Spring in Lompoc.'" Is Fields their moral superior? Only in this, that bumbling through their affairs, and abetted by his *alter ego* the script writer, he can keep them in frenzied motion.

Is he rewarded? He is, and in the only coin creation affords, theirs. He attains to millions, to a butler, to a mansion, to an institutionalized affluence that urges on him of a morning "just one more Baba au Rhum," to the daily opportunity of deciding between a tropical helmet and a top hat, to go with the cutaway and spats. It is supernal Respectability, the apotheosis of Lompoc (a word Fields spoke as though grinding it beneath his heel).

SINCE THE WORLD PAYS in only one currency, it is easy to assume that he cheated and bamboozled to acquire what Respectability has by birthright. He did not. He bamboozled as an assertion of style, and of what he understood as tradition. Tradition has only common matter in which to assert itself. When the finally affluent Fields failed to make his top hat come to rest on his head because it had landed instead on the tip of his flourished cane, we are not to suppose that he exhibits *nouveau-riche* awkwardness. He is displaying an old vaudevillian's skill, in a bit of business he had performed so often it became his trademark. It attained the same result as might awkwardness, but do not be misled by that.

Do not be misled, similarly, by the nihilism in his premises, or the incoherence in his speeches. It was the ambience he detested that was nihilistic and incoherent, incapable of resolving any issue whatever except by summoning policemen. Black Humor, which he practiced as did Mark Twain, despairs because its capacity to make such distinctions has been forced into the area of style alone, the language, the system of rewards, the entire social idiom, the very basis of appeal to eternal law having been coopted by the adversary.

Hence Fields with his double tongue, persuading a dim-witted protégé, in the interest of ultimate good, to embezzle from the bank, simultaneously addressed his audience and posterity, tonguing and mumbling, never very clearly, an exhortation that welled from the depths of his soul:

"Don't be a fuddie-duddie, don't be a moon-calf, don't be a jabbernowl—you don't want to be any of those, do you?" It was nearly all that was left for him to say.

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Gallic View of the Recent Past

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

A WRITER OF HISTORY, unless he is a chiseler, can contribute nothing to the plot of his book: all of it is established before the author sits down to work. Thus, a writer of history must be judged by his style alone—the term, to be sure, used in its widest ramifications. Style, in the case of a historical writer, is his acumen in arranging and interpreting what is already known in language that makes mere facts humanly meaningful. So much for the standards by which I propose to judge André Fontaine's *History of the Cold War*.

This is, to anticipate my findings, so arrogant, so irresponsible, and so flippant a book, that it might easily become a best-seller. Yet I earnestly advise all students of foreign affairs to read this book—not because of its contents, but because of its author. For André Fontaine is the foreign editor of *Le Monde*, the most "serious" of all "serious" European newspapers, the fountain of all French wisdom, the pride of all those Frenchmen who despise American ignorance (and, needless to say, the only newspaper Charles de Gaulle reads every day). And as the rationale for *Le Monde*'s anti-Americanism has always been America's alleged confusion about the cold war, M. Fontaine's opus must be welcomed as an opportunity to compare American confusion with French analytical (Cartesian) clarity.

The first and most astonishing demonstration of that clarity is André Fontaine's elegant contempt for the subject of his study: in this enormous volume, so modestly called *History of the Cold War*, there is not even an attempt to define "cold war." Let others break their skulls over the meaning of the phrase—this articulate Frenchman, in a position of editorial power, does not bother. To some, the cold war may be a man-made strategic scheme; to others, the inescapable climate of a world divided by irreconcilable social systems; but to M. Fontaine, it is merely a title-giving catch-phrase. Having disposed of the cold war on the cover, he leisurely starts talking of the diplomatic relations between the West (mainly the United States) and the Soviet Union.

History of the Cold War, by André Fontaine. Pantheon, $10.00

IT IS INCONCEIVABLE that the foreign editor of the best Parisian newspaper has not noticed the murderous deficiencies of his manuscript. So why did he mail it to his publisher, and why did a respectable American publisher publish it? A careful reading of this odd volume supplies the explanation: author and publisher, each for his own reasons, seem bent on corrupting America's comprehension of its recent past. My reviewer's copy of Fontaine's book is strewn with anguished exclamation points on practically each of its 432 pages. In the limited space of a review, I can only reproduce a few of the innumerable causes of my intellectual pain.

Item: "Mothers cursed war, but men saw in it the most noble of arts" (p. 3). With the exception of two or three madmen, there is no recorded male voice in Western history that did not curse war; and not a single one that praised it as "the most noble of arts" (with the exception, perhaps, of M. Fontaine's compatriot, the Marquis de Sade).

Item: "A handful of militant pacifists from all the European countries did succeed in meeting in 1915 and 1916 in Zimmerwald and Kienthal in Switzerland" (p. 21). The "pacifists" of Zimmerwald and Kienthal were, of course, the Founding Fathers of the Comintern, and they hated pacifism every bit as much as they hated war.

Item: "The West would not take the Red Army seriously until 24 years later, at the battle of Stalingrad" (p. 39). The respectful attention the West paid to the Red Army has been, since 1918, the main reason why the world tolerated the growth of a feeble Bolshevik government of 1917 into the world power of 1939.

Item: "The brutal hand of the Social Democrat Noske crushed the uprising of the Spartacists—as the German Bolsheviks called themselves" (p. 41). This well-mannered Frenchman does not once use the adjective "brutal" in connection with the many energetic Communists he presents in his book; the phrase is used, exclusively, in describing a perfectly harmless Socialist bureaucrat who, as was his sworn duty as a member of a democratic German government, suppressed a Communist uprising with the legitimate powers of government.

Item: ". . . the Comintern that was destined to supersede the Second International, which had passed over bag and baggage to the 'class enemy'" (p. 42). And the author does not even notice how, with that one crack, he discloses his subconscious political mind.

Item: "The heart of every duke and baronet in the kingdom as well as every bourgeois, great or small, shuddered as one at the massacre of the imperial family, the ally of the House of Windsor, and at the repudiation of tsarist debts" (p. 62). Which is the elegant wit of Fontaine, when called upon to describe Western reaction to the (if M. Fontaine will pardon me) brutal earthquake in Russia.

Item: "It was anti-Soviet prejudices much more than fear of war that explain the whole policy that led to Munich" (p. 63). This, of course, is an old chestnut of Communist historicizing, but it is no longer found even in openly Communist histories.

Item: "Unaware that within a few weeks he and Alexander I of Yugoslavia would be shot down in Marseilles by Croat terrorists, the Ustashis, Barthou wanted" etc. (p. 84). This is one example of M. Fontaine's literary flair I just had to present. (Or did his publisher think Fontaine used that felicitous phrase "Unaware etc." to accuse Barthou indeed of a lack of foresight?)

Item: "Understandably, *Pravda* could find no other explanation for the annexation of Austria than the existence of a secret pact between England and Germany" (p. 92). This must stand for dozens of other occasions when M. Fontaine expresses

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his understanding of Soviet rationale, while the thought-processes of Western statesmen, particularly American, surpass his understanding. He finds them, usually—at best—"inscrutable."

Item: "Does this mean that from that moment on [March 1939]. . . . Stalin was determined to reach an agreement with the very man [Hitler] whose plans for aggression he had denounced for five years? Nothing gives us reason to make such an affirmation" (p. 100). This, let us remember, is *Le Monde*'s foreign editor, writing in 1968.

Item: "People are still debating the Soviet Union's real intentions during this period [of 1939], although they seem quite clear. . . . Preferring neither side right up to the last minute, he [Stalin] tried to find the best and least dangerous course for himself" (p. 116). This, I repeat, is *Le Monde*'s foreign editor writing in 1968. And he adds on page 117: "He [Stalin] acted only in accordance with the interests . . . of his empire." Which, truly, is something any subject of Charles de Gaulle can understand and appreciate.

Item: "For once the Kremlin had scrupulously fulfilled its obligations to a capitalist state [Germany], and it had been very badly rewarded" (p. 154). There you have, in a nutshell, M. Fontaine's whole story of the Soviets' experience with the West; when the Soviets fulfill their contractual obligations, they are attacked.

Item: "One day perhaps it will be known who assumed the responsibility for the crime [of Katyn] and what his purpose was" (p. 185). How would M. Fontaine know that this day came about twenty years before he wrote his book? Why should the foreign editor of Europe's "most serious newspaper" join the rest of the world in believing the established truth: that thousands of Polish officers were murdered in Katyn, on Stalin's orders, to destroy the one and only conceivable cadre of a true Polish renaissance?

Item: "Stalin, faithful to his understanding with Churchill on their respective zones of influence, allowed his Hellenic disciples to be massacred by General Scobie's soldiers [in the Greek civil war]" (p. 290). And Fontaine's manuscript was so sloppily edited that no one noticed, on the very next page, 291, this statement: "They [the Greek Communists] had the benefit of the full support of the Soviet satellites, which controlled almost all of Greece's land borders and could supply arms and food and provide training and rest camps."

Item: "On May 22, 1947, the President [Truman] signed the law that placed his country, only two years after the death of Roosevelt, at the head of the anti-Bolshevik crusade" (p. 293). To enjoy the full flavor of that illuminating sentence, one has to know that, in a contemporary Frenchman's dictionary, there is no viler word than "crusade" or "anti-Bolshevik crusade."

And as I must stop somewhere, I might just as well stop right here. André Fontaine's book, an inexhaustible source of similar items, is the most naive, and at the same time the most impudent, narration of recent historic events yet to be published in the United States. It presents East-West relations as a foolish conflict between well-meaning, though slightly biased revolutionaries in the East and selfish idiots in the West.

And this, indeed, is the conviction that currently reigns in Paris: that the world, the whole world is partly biased and partly stupid and that France, supremely intelligent France, has therefore a chance to pacify that world with beatific understanding and sublime statesmanship. No, I do not mean that André Fontaine is a Communist. Rather, I mean that he is wholly and fully representative of de Gaulle's France. Thus, he has written a book that is tasteless as well as deceitful, stupid as well as useless. But it may, as I said before, become a best-seller in America. Americans, after all, installed de Gaulle in France.

One of Many, But Unique

GUY DAVENPORT

"THE PEOPLE," a character in Valeriy Tarsis' *The Pleasure Factory* confides to her journal, "is a fiction. I am growing up and entering adult life in order to serve 'the people,' to build Communism; but I don't know who 'the people' are." Another character complains that all the common people in Dostoievsky are philosophers. Valeriy Tarsis, who now lives in West Germany and holds a Greek passport, has been declared by his native Russia to be a) a lunatic, and b) no citizen of hers. The first decision followed from his publishing *The Bluebottle*, the second from *Ward 7*, both of which said in no very harsh or penetrating terms that Communism isn't what it set out to be, and probably never will be. The third novel continues Noncitizen Tarsis' objections to Russian tyranny.

The Russian people, he shows us, are, well, the Russian people. That is to say, they are people. They are rendered imperfect by original sin, and are therefore selfish, stupid, and pig-headed, just like, as a character remarks, the Americans and the Swiss. Tarsis's thesis in this little novel is that the Russian people don't know what they are involved in. The idealistic young who can believe that they are part of a noble experiment in self-government bang their heads against the bureaucratic walls within walls. The cynical discover that they can become capitalists on a modest scale; money still rules the world. Or, rather, passion still rules the world. The pleasure factory of the title is a resort on the Black Sea, and is as well the general hankering of humanity to beat existence into a shape congenial to the heart.

Even the Americans could have done this a long time ago, Tarsis says, if man thought with his heart. He thinks, alas, with his head, and is not after pleasure but power. "The soul of a people has nothing in common with its material needs. Self-knowledge is the only key to the human soul." Communism suppresses self-knowledge; that is to say, it is

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The Pleasure Factory, **by Valeriy Tarsis. John Day, $4.95**

The Wedding Group, **by Elizabeth Taylor. Viking, $4.50**

The Impossible Proof, **by Hans Erich Nossack. Farrar, $4.95**

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embarrassed by the individual, and scarcely notices in its great material leap forward that the human types described by Tolstoy, Gogol, Dostoievsky, and Chekhov, are still the Russian people (who are craftily worked into *The Pleasure Factory*, not quite disguised by modern clothes—the heroine, for instance, is Nastasya Philipovna). Indeed, Tarsis is not writing about the Russians only: which is exactly what the novel is about. He is writing about all people, to suggest to the Russians (if they ever get to see this novel) that their separateness is a fiction. Nature is indifferent to governments, and history cannot remember from ice-age to ice-age the colors of flags.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S tenth novel is also concerned with groups and individuals, and, like Mr. Tarsis, she is not about to believe that any society however large or small can absorb the inviolable difference of any of us. Or so she begins—the novel, once it has extricated its protagonist from a suffocating little utopia (a Catholic Arts and Crafts model community), becomes one of the subtlest studies of an English family ever written. The community is rather like the one Ruskin's disciples began in the 1870s, gasping imitations of which were repeated by William Morris and Eric Gill. Its master is a caricature of both Gill and Stanley Spencer (the original of Joyce Cary's Gulley Jimson), and we can assess the tone of the place simply by noting the scene in which after a meal of bread and beans there is a reading from D. H. Lawrence.

One of the many daughters of this Godly place shucks her medieval smock and escapes to the village nearby, where she marries the worldly son (a journalist) of a sweet, cozy, perfect English Mum. Then the fun begins. Every surface so persuasively established thus far begins to crumble, and we realize that we are in the hands of a real novelist, the kind of analytical and unfoolable mind that invented the novel in the first place. England has only one other novelist so perfectly skilled and that is Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett. Indeed, Miss Taylor is a kind of looser, sweeter Miss Compton-Burnett. Both know the human heart as if schooled therein by the Recording Angel, and both can tell a story that asks for a winter evening with rain and a warm fire and comfortable chair to round out the spell they can weave.

HANS ERICH NOSSACK is not yet known in the English-speaking world, and *The Impossible Proof* is his first appearance among us. His reputation in his native Germany is solid, however, and he is well-known in France and Italy. The beginning of his career coincided with the rise of the Nazis, who prohibited his publishing anything; in 1943 his work in manuscript was destroyed in an air-raid. Since then his output has been steady and brilliant. For a quick characterization, we might note that he is a bit like Mann, a bit like Kafka. His prose is spare, his plots monolinear.

The Impossible Proof is entirely the cross-questioning of a witness at a trial. It emerges that the witness' wife has disappeared. The court suspects that he has murdered her, but has no evidence. The witness suspects that his wife has abandoned him, but for dignity's sake does not wish to suggest this to the court, and like them has no evidence. Curiously, it little matters, for what we discover is that in a quiet, childless, eventless marriage nothing at all was happening. The wife may very well have evaporated into thin air out of boredom; the surprise is that the husband has noticed her absence. Mr. Nossack allows this blank relationship to appear little by little, and the disclosure is as exciting as a detective story.

The novel is a parable that challenges us to state just what the significance of a human life is. The husband and wife of this account live an exemplary life as far as the law is concerned (suggesting that the law has no contact with life except when crime joins them—a notion that would have seemed strange to Solon and Cicero). The proof that is impossible is that of the value of life at its most simple and unobtrusive—the evidence one might give, if asked, to justify going on living. We live, Mr. Nossack says, on a short tether, apt to be reined in and called to account at any moment. Mr. Tarsis and Miss Taylor have agreed that such is the case, and find with Mr. Nossack that it is man's tragedy and his dignity that he can give no answer that can satisfy an arbitrary questioner.

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Paddle On, All

JEFFREY HART

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY began with a disaster, the French Revolution, and proliferated a series of filiated disasters, each revolution tightening the vice of tyranny. In its optimism, scientism, atheism, its monolithic ideologies, its cult of unreason, its mindless nationalisms, it provided the vocabulary of our twentieth-century intellectual and moral anarchy. Yet precisely because the nineteenth century was a disaster—our disaster—the nineteenth century is endlessly fascinating.

In this volume of essays on major and minor Victorian figures Gertrude Himmelfarb demonstrates once again that she can write entertainingly about intellectual history without surrendering any portion of seriousness or intellectual penetration, and the book constitutes an attractive and valuable supplement to her previous volumes on Lord Acton and on Darwin.

Burke, Bentham, Malthus, Mill, Acton, Stephen, Bagehot, Froude, Buchan—various enough figures; and yet the book has an underlying argument of considerable persuasiveness. These men had in common, as she points out—and as everyone knows—a sustained moral seriousness, and even when their personal lives were highly unconventional, as with Mill and George Eliot, they insisted on interpreting the aberration as "truly" moral, moral in a higher sense. But Miss Himmelfarb argues, against the conventional view that Victorian moral seriousness was a residue of the older religious belief and that these free-thinkers and atheists were living on the diminishing moral capital of a religious inheritance, that, on the contrary, moral zeal *intensified* as religious belief diminished, that Victorian moral zeal was a consequence of *unbelief*. Moral strictness, sometimes carried to fantastic extremes, was a barrier against *Angst;* it provided a form for an otherwise incoherent experience; it was, in Francis Newman's words, an attempt to protect the psyche from "the desolating negations which are abroad."

Outstanding among these essays are: the one on Bentham, the only treatment of Bentham I know of which confronts his genuine nuttiness, showing that the famous Panopticon was the totalitarian embodiment of his perfectionist rationalism; the essay on Mill, which argues persuasively that the real Mill was not the popular author of *On Liberty,* but a much more complicated, not to say haunted, man, who entertained profound doubts about utilitarianism and about the assumptions of *On Liberty* itself; and the masterful essay on Walter Bagehot, whose very omnicompetence as a thinker renders him peculiarly difficult to focus upon.

PERHAPS the most entertaining essay in the volume is the one on Leslie Stephen, Virginia Woolf's father, whose prodigious production—some thirty volumes of criticism and biography—actually represented a form of intellectual laziness: the point being that it is easier to write dozens of second-rate books than a single first-rate one. Stephen's charm, however, resides in the way in which he, like many of his contemporaries, raised sportsmanship to something like a metaphysical category. Life might very well be meaningless, but he believed that "the game should be fairly played out, come what might."

Upon sports, writes Miss Himmelfarb, "Stephen, like most of his countrymen, lavished the passion and enthusiasm that they withheld from most other activities, especially religion. Sports could be indulged to excess as nothing else could. And they inspired a respect that nothing else did. Perfect in themselves, they provided a model for all else." Probably never before or since have intellectuals given themselves so completely to rugby, cricket, rowing, walking, mountaineering. For many Oxford and Cambridge scholars a rugby blue or head of the river was more to be prized than an academic First. It is an attitude, after all, that can carry one a long way, as it did Hemingway. And yet it inevitably produces some farcical moments. Here is Stephen as a don conducting a class on the Greek Testament:

> "Easy all! Hard word there. Smith, what does it mean?"
>
> "I don't know," says Smith.
>
> "No more don't I," replied the aquatic, but moderately learned tutor. "Paddle on, all."

Victorian Minds, by Gertrude Himmelfarb. Knopf, $8.95

The Challenge of Power

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

AS A MEMBER of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota has had a splendid opportunity to observe and understand the exercise of American national power in the shaping of foreign policy. Yet his book makes plain that he misunderstands and distrusts the power possessed by the United States. He seemingly cannot bear the idea that American power is truly global in character and that the United States has a capacity for influencing events that transcends anything ever known by state systems in the past. He asserts that the United States must "reduce or liquidate" its commitments, without explaining why this is the case. In the final chapter of this book, he warns that "throughout history mighty nations have learned the limits of power." He fails to state, however, that these limits have been reached only after strategic frontiers have been pushed back as far as possible.

Had early American statesmen Senator McCarthy's outlook on national power, the United States might have remained a narrow sliver of territory along the Atlantic seaboard. Fortunately for modern Americans, the leaders of the United States in the eighteenth and nineteenth century were expansionists. They challenged powerful empires with their trans-Mississippi vision and their reach for the rim of the Pacific and the vastness of Alaska. Senator McCarthy misreads American history when he says that "the Spanish Am-

The Limits of Power: America's Role in The World, by Eugene J. McCarthy. Holt, $5.95

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erican War was a venture inconsistent with our past." This short war—our first war fought in the Far East as well as in the Caribbean—was part of the continuing story of American self-realization.

Unhappily, Senator McCarthy hasn't any conception of the emergence of the United States as an extraordinary national unit of human energy and resourcefulness. The rich texture of our people's ancestral background, our nation's command of communications, and our remark-

able development of military, economic and sociological *expertise* give America a capacity to deal with more problems and take on bigger commitments than any nation known in history. The Senator would have done more of a service for his countrymen had he stressed the opportunities for American power than he has done by emphasizing the negative—the limits of power. For American power isn't about to wither away. Unless our factories and universities are destroyed, unless our fleets are sunk and our missiles shattered in their silos, American power is here to stay for at least the rest of this century.

THE REAL FLAW in Senator McCarthy's book is a lack of appreciation of what American power means. The Senator can understand Communist China seeking "re-establishment of what she considers to be her traditional sphere of influence in Southeast Asia." Yet he writes as though de Gaulle or Ho Chi Minh had the capacity to force the United States to accept a settlement on their terms. The Senator says Americans "must begin now the readjustments of attitude which will be necessary." Apparently it doesn't occur to him that the shoe is on the other foot; that the mini-states of the world, and the middle-rank powers for that matter, must seek accommodation with the United States. This know-nothing attitude is characteristic of the liberal mind. For years, Americans have been told that they must learn to adjust to the wants and demands of the Panamanians, the Zambians, or other peoples with an equal inability to influence world events.

Senator McCarthy says the United States must "show more certainly our 'decent respect to the opinions of mankind.'" What nations has he in mind? The Republic of the Congo, which lives in the heart of darkness? The Indians, with their language riots and inability to feed themselves? The captive East Europeans? Or even our good friends in Canada, with their bitterness and strife between language groups? No, Senator McCarthy fails to make a convincing argument for the United States becoming an other-directed nation.

SENATOR MCCARTHY'S intellectual confusion shows up most sharply in his discussion of United States weapons employed in Vietnam. He takes the curious position that napalm was all right as a weapon "against an enemy also using sophisticated weapons." However, he finds napalm difficult to defend when used against the Vietcong. Surely, the Senator is confused on that score. His moral disapproval, if translated into military policy, would require the United States to fight with only the least advanced and least effective weapons. In effect, he asks for a limitation of American power that would result in American defeat.

Unfortunately, this book—despite its eloquent title—doesn't deal with the root problems of power and national existence. In the main it is concerned with headlines: the CIA subsidies, the sale of jets to Latin American nations, and the Gavin plan for enclaves on the South Vietnamese coast. The book is a sad comment on the state of senatorial thinking, being full of sterile comments such as "we must seek to reduce tensions."

One section deals with Africa and contains a comprehensive collection of clichés concerning that continent. Africa's problems, in Senator McCarthy's view, are "legacies of colonialism." He hasn't a word to say about the non-existence of true nations in Africa, the power of tribalism, or the age-old inability of Africa to approach standards of advanced civilizations in the Mediterranean and Arab worlds. His meager advice on United States policy toward Africa: "We should respect, encourage, support, and strengthen the efforts of the United Nations and its agencies in dealing with African problems." That's empty talk, not a comment touching on American power and its utilization in a major arena of history.

One is reluctant to be too harsh in dealing with Senator McCarthy's book, for the author is not an angry man. He is not one of an increasingly numerous group of Americans who openly argue that the United States should be weakened until it is a second- or third-rate power. Senator McCarthy's case is different. He simply hasn't thought through the meaning of American power. He is caught up in the slogans and sham propositions of liberalism. It is evident, for example, that he doesn't realize that power can't be abolished; it can only change hands. If American power is restricted, the power the United States loses will pass to other

nations—to those eager for power for *their* ends.

If the title of Senator McCarthy's book has significance, it is in a sense that he did not intend. For certainly a severe limitation on the strength and security of the United States is created by those citizens who, like Senator McCarthy, lack understanding of the possibilities of American

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power and who are intellectually unprepared to wield that power so as to assure the survival of our nation in a world of never-ending conflict.

Heap Big Waters

GARRY WILLS

It is one of the superstitions of the learned that Richmond Lattimore's *Iliad*, published in 1951, is a poem in its own right. One can sympathize with the delusion: It is incredible that a man who *can* write English poetry, who *has* written fine translations (*The Oresteia*, *The Revelation of John*), could abandon English for the worst translationese—"At whiles on their understanding feet they would run very lightly" (18.599), "troubles me the thought of you" (6.454), "dropped in the dust groundling" (5.583), "Always it is that the hearts. . . ." (3.108), and "stabbed with his spear at the middle arm" (neglecting, presumably, the other two; 12.252).

When the Greek, describing Hephaestus, says "the insatiable [?] monster stepped away from the anvil" (18.410), the meaning of the adjective is uncertain; that is no excuse, however, for taking the word as a noun and translating it "blower." Hephaestus was not terribly bright, but at least he knew his trade; and he could not *hammer* his *bellows* (Lattimore translates the line, "he . . . took the huge blower off from the anvil"). Where the Greek says men "are distinguished [literally, set apart] for bitter warfare" (18.209), Lattimore non-Englishes it thus: they "are in the hateful division of Ares." When Homer says "their thoughts were buffeted two ways" (21.386), the weird new language of this version gives us "the wind of their fury blew from division"—which suggests some contest in flatulency conceived for mock-epic use by a Swift or Pope.

There are, indeed, more explicable errors in the book. When Zeus complains of Hera that "I have trouble checking her with words" (5.893), Lattimore exactly reverses the meaning—"try as I may I am broken by her arguments"; but there is no mystery here. He has simply mistaken *damnem(i)* for *damnam(ai)*—as, at 3.441, he confuses *terpo* with *trepo*. These are easy slips; but we still have the numinous sillinesses. When Zeus tells Hera the Achaeans are born of her (*egenonto*), Lattimore's treatment of that one word makes the race *not* her descendants but coevals: they "are born of your own generation." Of course he means something like "by your generative act"—and he is padding his line out. But the mystery is that, in the process, he should entirely lose his grip on English idiom. It is hard to explain, or even accept, the extent of this amnesia. So reviewers took a dogged grasp on things believed: they closed their eyes (and ears), said a Credo in Lattimore's past reputation, and called the thing a poem.

But now Lattimore has translated the other epic of Homer, and closed the credibility gap. True, he gets some things right now that were botched in the *Iliad*—including the idiom for "set apart" meaning "distinguished" (24.507). But he still does not think the thing into English. It is hard to suggest just how pervasive this failure is. Let me give some examples taken from one short segment of the poem, the first 200 lines of Book Eleven. "She made the limit, which is of the deep-running Ocean" (v. 13) is the way Lattimore says that a ship reached the far side of the river Oceanus (which, by his standard, he should call Okeanos). When it is predicted that Odysseus will find some cattle who are grazing (v. 108), Lattimore makes the hero "discover pasturing the cattle"—like some pioneer agronomist. The omnipresent padding makes for a double object like "render ceremonies sacrifice" (vv. 129-30). Homer's parataxis hypnotizes Lattimore into the use of "false coordinates": How did you come here beneath the fog and darkness and still alive?" (vv. 155-6—there are two examples of this on one page at 14.346 and 14.372). When Odysseus is comforted by the news that "*assuredly*" his wife waits for him, the sense is changed, suggesting that Penelope is running out of patience: "*All too much* with enduring heart she does wait for you" (v. 181).

The problem, then, is no longer one of believing in this failure, but of explaining it. There must be a potent cause for so dismal an effect. And there is. Lattimore's conception of fidelity to the Homeric hexameter involves four different kinds of literalism; it is their interaction that unstrings his instrument, the English language. He thinks that his version should follow the Greek 1) *beat for beat*—or, rather, one English beat for each Greek "thesis." Since the strict English hexameter moves on rocking-horse treads, he removes the treads and makes the horse jump in irregular little leaps across the floor. The result is a heightened prose rhythm, loose and unpredictable—done in the name of "fidelity" to the highly formal Greek meter. To achieve mathematical faithfulness, he sacrifices the primary esthetic effect, which is one of formality and control. Another result of this principle is his padding. The Greek oral poet needed long resonant formulae, especially after the caesura, to fill out one line as he thought of the next. Lattimore must often be redundant to get his six beats ("born of your own generation" for "born"). In the famous formula, "Then when the young Dawn showed again with her rosy fingers," the added word "again" sits ill with the aorist verb's "timelessness"—but he had to fill the line out with *some*thing.

The same false standard encourages him to render the Greek 2) *line for line*. Lattimore distorts the order of English, and stumbles, often, into ambiguity: the inflected Greek makes things clear by gender or number or case, where English must depend on position. The arbitrary packaging of words in this line or that according to their occurrence in the original, not according to the genius of our tongue, makes Lattimore finally lose all sense of position—as at 20.45-6:

Stubborn man! Anyone trusts even a lesser companion than I, who is

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***The Odyssey of Homer*, translated and with an introduction by Richmond Lattimore. Harper, $8.95**

***The Odyssey*, translated by Albert Cook. Norton, $6.00**

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mortal, and does not have so many ideas.

Lattimore also thinks he should, so far as possible, translate the text 3) *word for word.* Thus he puts the English adverb "groundling" down as a literal equivalent of Greek *chamai* (ignoring ludicrous echoes of our English noun). Then, having used the word in "men who walk groundling" (which is bad, but passable), he must repeat it when the word comes up again—which leads to "dropped in the dust groundling."

He also renders 4) *formula for formula,* always in the same words. But since the formula was the basic unit of oral composition (as the word is for literate poets), it had an effect different from our separate, repeated words printed on the page for a literate audience. Repeated formulae were no more obtrusive in an oral context than repeated words are in a "book poet." Besides, Lattimore's mechanical exactitude of repeated translation does not allow for stress on particular *parts* of the formula. Context can reactivate elements normally inactive—as the particular syllable in an English word can regain independent life. In "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," the verb does not mean merely "make pink," but "make the color of *carnage.*" The act "incarnate" now in Macbeth's fouled hand makes all the water "carnal," sullied with that fleshiness he cannot melt away. The repetition of the same handful of English words each time a Homeric formula recurs does sometimes too much (drawing attention by a cluster of separate, written elements), sometimes too little (allowing no new stress on *one* part of the formula where context allows or demands it).

These four principles not only offend against a broader esthetic; they undermine each other. The first leads to violation of the third—metrical padding makes the word-for-word approach impossible ("Dawn showed *again*"). The second defeats the first—packaging ideas by the foreign measure of Greek word order makes it hard to sustain a natural English rhythm. The third enforces the error of the fourth—literalism and insistence on the single word make the spelled-out formula even less a unit than it might be otherwise.

Lattimore is so hobbled by these four ideals, it is no wonder he flounders. He reaches the point where he cannot even write grammatically in English: "Language with language *mix* there together" (19.175). Dealing in so many separate units, to be repeated literally despite varying context, he neglects the larger shape of sentence and thought-sequence; writes in sausage-strings; lapses, almost, into baby talk (wine "sets man *into* softly laughing," 14.465) or the fake primitive: "crossing the harsh waves" (12.91) becomes "hard crossing of the big waters." Heap big waters, Tonto?

The result of his narrowminded focus and literalism in the handling of separate units is the lifeless jointure of part to part in longer passages—that is, an effect the very opposite of the long easy thought-sequences made possible by oral poetry's large formulaic and rhythmic building blocks. See, for instance, how little English life this passage has as a whole—it is a language without a nerve system, without spine:

> But for none of all these, sorry as I am, do I grieve so much as for one, who makes hateful for me my food and my sleep, when I remember, since no one of the Achaians labored as much as Odysseus labored and achieved, and for him the end was grief for him, and for me a sorrow that is never forgotten for his sake, how he is gone so long, and we knew nothing of whether he is alive or dead. (4.105-10)

(The wrong tense of "knew" is apparently a misprint, like those at 20.218 and 21.10).

The editor sent me, along with Lattimore's work, another *Odyssey* done on his principles (except that it uses a five-beat line)—in one package an eagle gone berserk and a plump dull robin. Only one was worth an arrow.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MY BROTHER EVELYN AND OTHER PORTRAITS, by Alec Waugh (Farrar, $6.95). In these pages recently, Hugh Kenner conjured that "other world, remote now as Angkor Wat," with which Pound and Joyce had to contend—the literary milieu between the wars. Alec Waugh's random recollections show the other side of that other world: his acquaintances were lions of orthodoxy (Gosse and Arthur Waugh, *vide* Kenner), writes of temporary poems, amiable eccentrics (the piece on E. S. P. Haynes is very nice), bookish cricketers and minor celebrities. One of the best essays maps the route by which Michael Arlen journeyed from the twittering London salons to the Oak Room of the Plaza in New York; this reviewer was unaware that Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* was a vicious swipe that made an ass of poor kindly Hugh Walpole. The longish memoir of Evelyn Waugh is pleasant but frustrating—one wishes that two such good fellows had gotten along better, especially being brothers and all. Grub Streeters will find heartwarming Waugh's account of how he wrote *Island in the Sun* and suddenly found himself comfortably off for life. C. H. SIMONDS

COMMUNISM IN VIETNAM: *A Documentary Study,* by Rodger Swearingen and Hammond Rolph (American Bar Association, Chicago 60637, $1). Working from a compact, splendid bibliography (primarily of Asian Communist materials) the authors have shown the real nature of the Vietnamese war: another of a long line of proxy wars fought by proxy forces trained in the Soviet Union (or China). As early as page three we learn that "the leadership cadre which developed around Ho Chi Minh prior to and after the founding of the Indochina Communist Party in 1930 is probably the longest uninterrupted directorate in world Communism. . . . Following his early work in the first half of the 1920s in the French Communist Party, in Moscow, and as a Comintern agent for the Far East, Ho Chi Minh, then known as Nguyen Ai Quoc, moved on to the specific task of developing the Vietnamese independence movement." Chapter and verse are detailed by the authors, who also shed some light on the nature of the Soviet-Chinese dispute. The book is a must for anyone who would talk intelligently about the war.

J. G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

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THE SURPRISE OF BERLIN

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

When I went to Berlin last fall, I expected to be depressed without end. Instead, I left thinking Berlin still the most exciting city in Germany, which had not lost that quality of witty *je m'en fiche* that made it such fun to be in before the Nazis took over.

The experience of the Wall that truncates and maims the city is strange and goes to show that the Italians are right when they say that even the man who was hanged would have got used to his cord if they'd left him on it long enough. Berliners, especially working-class Berliners (who are as brilliant and witty as London cockneys, or rather more so), don't let the Wall get them down. They crowd restaurants and cafés and beer places when they're not working, and they work hard. Apart from Londoners, I can't think of any city people with the guts to accept such a situation without whining.

The Berlin of prewar days exists only in what used then to be the suburbs, which now have become main shopping centers. The shops are smart, not only the expensive ones on the Kurfuerstendamm. Mod clothes for girls and boys cost a fraction of what they cost here, and all boys and girls wear them, with an air, and as far out as they can. There are plenty of excellent plays, operas, and concerts. The actual theatrical and concert buildings are most interesting in themselves because they are, of course, brand-new. You really feel that you are in the middle of things. I saw Cimarosa's *Secret Matrimony,* done the only way it can be done—highly and amusingly stylized, Hochhuth's *Soldiers* (the Churchill play), which is worthy in intention and boring in execution, and two black comedies by an American, Leokum—all superbly done.

Since Berlin is an enclave, I had expected to get claustrophobia. Not at all, because of the enormous green spaces in and around the city. The Tiergarten is a lovely great big park, and then there are all the forests, Grunewald etc., which are really forests where you can walk and be alone.

A trip to East Berlin is not at all as dangerous and emotional as many Americans believe—perhaps because that is how they would like it to be. You are free to go as often as you like, but must be back before midnight. This is East Berlin, not East Germany, for which you must have a regular visa and traveling arrangements, which are made by an official travel agency. You can go to East Berlin by taxi, but it must be one manned by a foreigner, since West Berliners are not allowed in East Berlin. But West Germans are. They can also telephone to East Berlin, but you cannot do this from West Berlin, such is the spirit of chicanery.

Delectations

There are taxis in East Berlin, though they are dilapidated. But the city is not the ruin it was a few years ago—quite the contrary. Never has there been such feverish building activity. The housing is much like the West Berlin popular housing but a lot cheaper in rents, and the Stalin wedding cake architecture of what is now the Karl Marx Allee is mercifully no longer stylish. It is hard to weep for the destruction of the working class districts (and East Berlin consists mostly of the former city's working class districts) because they used to be slums of unbelievable horror, courtyard into courtyard, without air or light—true relics of industrialization. The shops are disappointing, especially the food shops, run by the state—and state employees are not interested in their jobs. There are no glutton-shops such as West Germany has in overwhelming supply, but ordinary food is cheap and plentiful, even if not attractively presented or served. Lots of foods come from Eastern Europe since there is little commerce with the West—all the canned fruits from Bulgaria, the wine from the Soviet Union and strange fish from Africa, which are sold with instructions on how to cook them. As the people will tell you, there is enough to eat but it is apt to be monotonous. Luxuries like coffee, chocolate and cigarettes are expensive and not very good.

Life can be lived in East Berlin. Medical care is very good indeed, far better than in the West. Education is accessible to working class people, which it is just barely in West Germany. But what gets you is the monotony of daily living when you discount theaters and music (which are excellent). At night, the streets are dark except for a few in the center. Cafés and beer places are run by the state, which is no enticement. The people, who after all are the same as on the other side of the Wall, are quiet and rather bored. They sit at home and look at West Berlin television since they cannot read Western literature or hope to smuggle any over. The whole feeling of life is like that of Germany long before the war. You do feel the division between the people and their government. But unless you engage in any great anti-government activities, you are left alone and free to see any foreign visitors. I traveled all over East Berlin seeing old friends and it did not hurt them. And my friends always saw me off with kisses and embraces in front of the police when I went back to West Berlin.

None of the people I know in the East were Nazis or are Communists —on the contrary. But they all agree that the Wall was a necessity for East Germany. Before, whoever could, left. Now that they can't leave, they take a positive interest in making life bearable in East Berlin and East Germany. The hope for a better future there began, strangely, when the Wall went up. Besides, Ulbricht is not going to live forever.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Original surname of the poor little rich girl	31 4 83 86 81 62
B. The cavalry in ancient Rome	35 169 92 87 102 163 161
C. Requested politely or formally	41 167 50 75 105 120 135
D. Territory of which Lew Wallace was governor	55 139 162 176 2 8 19 95 78
E. Best or more favorable	61 13 22 25 34 109 177
F. Part of the Soviet Empire	85 145 40 54 101 115 125
G. Every state in the Union has been accused of having these kind of roads	122 134 141 151 165 173 103 179
H. A crystalline, antiseptic substance, $C_{10}H_7OH$. from coal tar	140 72 38 58 106 119 117 155
I. Equipped	149 170 12 124 132 168 16 26 56
J. A plate used as a baffle	154 36 150 118 126 136 9 93 104 112 116
K. A brigade that had a hard time of it	52 29 148 90 57
L. Available power	59 98 153 49 128 21
M. A type of blonde	73 6 18 48 60 84 100 129 160 43

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Final score, one of 1922 World Series games	80 1 113 44 23 108 27 175
O. A defensive play in baseball	97 5 15 143 32 127
P. One of a group of extreme left senators who can be beaten this year	174 152 156 69 11 138
Q. What government spending will be this year	45 178 77 142 10 37 172
R. What a powerful *little devil isn't*	82 47 71 91 30 46 157 133
S. To provide with a permanent fund or source of income	111 144 94 114 67
T. Opinions	24 146 39 137 53
U. Redacts	68 110 171 20 66
V. The first son of Joseph	3 121 147 130 74 89 51 96
W. A town near Pittsburgh	7 166 99 64 28 14 33 158
X. A variety of muskmelon	79 17 42 123 70 63
Y. A three-pronged spear used by a retiarius in gladiatorial combats	88 65 107 164 159 76 131

		1 N	2 D		3 V	4 A	5 O	6 M		7 W	8 D	9 J	10 Q	11 P	12 I	
13 E	14 W	15 O	16 I	17 X	18 M	19 D	20 U	21 L		22 E	23 N		24 T	25 E	26 I	27 N
	28 W	29 K	30 R	31 A		32 O	33 W	34 E	35 B		36 J	37 Q	38 H	39 T	40 F	41 C
42 X	43 M		44 N	45 Q	46 R		47 R	48 M	49 L	50 C	51 V	52 K	53 T		54 F	55 D
56 I		57 K	58 H	59 L		60 M	61 E	62 A	63 X	64 W	65 Y	66 U		67 S	68 U	69 P
70 X		71 R	72 H	73 M	74 V	75 C	76 Y	77 Q		78 D	79 X		80 N	81 A		82 R
83 A		84 M	85 F	86 A		87 B	88 Y		89 V	90 K	91 R	92 B	93 J	94 S		95 D
96 V	97 O	98 L	99 W	100M		101F	102B	103G		104J	105C	106H	107Y	108N	109E	110U
111S		112J	113N		114S	115F	116J		117H	118J		119H	120C	121V	122G	123X
124I	125F	126J	127O		128L	129M	130V	131Y	132I	133R	134G	135C	136J		137T	138P
139D	140H		141G	142Q	143O	144S	145F	146T	147V	148K		149I	150J		151G	152P
153L		154J	155H	156P	157R	158W	159Y	160M	161B		162D	163B		164Y	165G	166W
167C	168I		169B	170I	171U	172Q	173G		174P	175N	176D	177E	178Q	179G		

See page 413 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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KENNEDY

(Continued from p. 397)

people of South Vietnam from their own government so that, in turn, they can be saved from Communism." At stake, Mr. Szulc said, was "not only the future of Vietnam itself, but also the security of Southeast Asia in relation to Communist China." And, he speculated, "Alive to the memories of the unhappy consequences of some of its earlier attempts to engineer government changes abroad, as in Laos or Cuba, the Administration has initially taken the position that it would not 'play God' in Vietnam but let the Vietnamese decide their own future—with the United States providing only inspirational assistance. Within days, however, it engaged in publicly absolving the Vietnamese army from any share of guilt in the anti-Buddhist repression to encourage it to move at least against Mr. Nhu."

The quotation which Schlesinger and Sorensen use is recorded in the *Times* under a headline which reads, "Kennedy Warns Buddhist Dispute Imperils Vietnam—Doubts Regime Can Defeat Reds Unless Diem Gains Support of the People—Actions Called Unwise—U.S. Officials Deny Report that CIA Plotted a Coup and Then Dropped Idea." I have italicized a part of Kennedy's statement which Professor Schlesinger omitted:

> *We are prepared to continue to assist them,* but I don't think that the war can be won unless the people support the effort *and,* in *my opinion, in the last two months, the Government has gotten out of touch with the people.*

And President Kennedy added that he believed there was "still time for the Government to regain the support of the people"—but only if there were "changes in policy and perhaps with personnel." Taken in context, Kennedy's statement was not an expression of a "hands off" policy but a message to Diem which was, as James Reston put in the next day, "Change, or we'll string along with you anyway."

In the same interview, President Kennedy said a withdrawal of U.S. troops "would be a great mistake," and added, "I know people don't like Americans to be engaged in this kind of an effort. Forty-seven Americans have been killed in combat with the enemy, but this is a very important struggle even though it is far away."

In another television interview reported by Tom Wicker on September 10, President Kennedy reiterated the need for changes in the Vietnamese government, but declined to reduce our aid for fear the country might collapse as China had at the end of World War II. As for why we were in Vietnam, President Kennedy said that if South Vietnam fell the whole of Southeast Asia might go with it. "China is so large, looms so high just beyond the frontiers," he said, "that if South Vietnam went, it would not only give them an improved geographic position for a guerrilla assault on Malaya, but would also give the impression that the wave of the future in Southeast Asia was China and the Communists." What concerned his Administration, he said, was that "Americans will get impatient and say, because they don't like events in Southeast Asia or they don't like the Government in Saigon, that we should withdraw. That only makes it easy for the Communists. I think we should stay."

But perhaps the strongest rebuttal to the "two-war" argument is Kennedy's statement at his news conference that day: "We want the war to be won, the Communists to be contained, and the Americans to go home. That is our policy. I am sure it's the policy of the people of Vietnam. But we are not there to see a war lost, and we will follow the policy which I've indicated today in advancing those causes and issues which help win the war."[2]

Dean Rusk couldn't have said it better.

2. President Kennedy's remarks are quoted from the *New York Times.* His remarks on Laos are taken from *To Turn the Tide,* a collection of his speeches.

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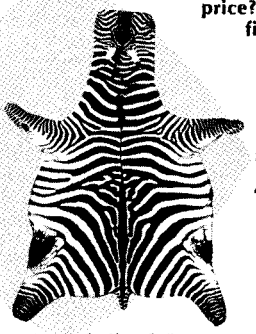

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (April 9)

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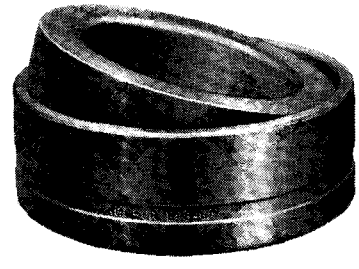

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Unseating of Johnson

ON THE Right

New York, April 7—The withdrawal of Mr. Johnson is among other things technically interesting. The adage that an incumbent President can effect his own renomination appears to be mortally wounded. The objection will be raised that Lyndon Johnson didn't after all fail to effect his renomination, that he simply didn't try. But it is likely that he didn't try because he was uncertain that he would succeed. Those who lived through the year 1948 thought it a pretty boisterous year, what with the Wallace movement, the civil rights walkout, and the staggering upset by Harry Truman. But even though Harry Truman was despised by his own people, the Democratic Party was never in any serious sense refractory. When Harry Truman went to Philadelphia, he was in command of the Convention and no one doubted it. Lyndon Johnson did doubt whether, in the age of television, in this moment of high emotional volatility, he could command the movement of the delegates.

THAT IS AN IMPORTANT DATUM in American history. Some will hail it as evidence that The People are in better command of their own affairs. Others, conservatives for the most part, will wonder whether it is all a cause for rejoicing. The conservative fears plebiscitary government, for the very same reasons given by Burke and Adams. Instant guidance by the people of the government means instability, and instability is subversive of freedom. If Lyndon Johnson has to step down because 45 per cent of the Democrats in New Hampshire, half of them unable to reply accurately to the question whether Senator McCarthy was for or against the Vietnam war, voted for McCarthy, and because tens of thousands of college students moo over Bobby Kennedy who has delusions of being Ringo Starr, there is something somehow unsettling about it all.

It isn't, of course, that a solid case against Johnson had not been developed. Encyclopedias have been written detailing his shortcomings, and those of his policies, by men deeply moved in their opposition to him. But Johnson was the victim of something closer to a seizure in American public opinion, than a thoughtful and strategical judgment voted against him or his policies. And that is an unfortunate development in American politics.

WHO, NOW, will benefit from the cultivation of the mass approach? Bobby Kennedy, inasmuch as it is his technique to egg on hysterical adulation (could you imagine him saying to one of those audiences, "Oh cut it out and stop behaving like silly children"?). Senator McCarthy is by contrast in the tradition of Adlai Stevenson and Woodrow Wilson and one fears that for precisely that reason, he is going to lose. (He should lose for other reasons.) Have you noticed how disappointed some of his followers betrayed themselves as being in Senator Eugene McCarthy? And for the most interesting reason, namely the Senator's adamant sense of responsibility.

It is an ironic masterstroke that Senator McCarthy's name is the same as Bad Joe's. Whose behavior his critics wept tears of rage over. Whose behavior they now not-so-secretly wish Senator Eugene were just a little bit more capable of. . . . "He [Eugene] called us to Armageddon, and then located it in Scarsdale New York—or perhaps Pasadena California," writes Dwight Macdonald in *Esquire.* "His campaign has been muted to the point of silence (how that other wicked McCarthy would have grabbed the headlines this virtuous one hasn't). Well-bred to the point of boredom, he may put us to sleep, but he'll never, no never be vulgar. . . . Why doesn't he give the works to his President? It's been done before in American politics." To be sure, that was written before New Hampshire, but McCarthy's style hasn't changed since before New Hampshire. But it would appear to be plain that however encouraging McCarthy's performance in New Hampshire and Wisconsin, he is bound to lose up against the demagogic juggernaut from New York.

It is interesting to meditate the role of enthusiasm in politics. Obviously there is room for it. But somewhere along the line enthusiasm subtly deteriorates into unreason, and such conscious rejection of standards and restraints as sustained Mussolini and Perón. The morale is high but it is, as Albert Jay Nock used to point out, "the morale of an army on the march." Such is the morale of the forces that have unseated Lyndon Johnson. □

BEFORE KENNEDY

New York, April 4—The President has quite understandably spoken of having reached his decision to withdraw Before Kennedy. Human pride requires that one withhold from one's enemy the satisfaction of confirming that he has accomplished his purpose. The net effect of Mr. Johnson's B.K. talk is, alas, merely to give us one final glimpse of the credibility gap in action. No doubt it occurs to everyone in high office, in moments of intense exasperation, to muse about the pleasures of private life. But people like Lyndon Johnson do not voluntarily give up their power. They are pushed out.

LYNDON JOHNSON was pushed out. Kennedy was the proximate pusher; but Kennedy's power drew heavily on the failure of Johnson's conduct of the war, and that was Johnson's fault primarily. In that sense, Mr. Johnson had himself to blame for the circumstances that dictated his withdrawal. Those circumstances were closing in on him. A series of exquisite humiliations had been programmed for him. First the defeats in the primaries. Then the mass demonstrations in the large cities. Culminating with a Chicago Convention at which the President of the United States would emerge like a Novotny clinging to power by the use of bare muscle. Only Bobby Kennedy could have given to the renomination an appearance of democratic legitimacy, and when it became clear

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that he would refuse to do so, it became clear that, in the language of the followers of Mr. Kennedy, Johnson was uptight.

VERY WELL, so he would announce his decision to withdraw. From a political point of view, that decision was now plausible, perhaps even mandatory. But why has Mr. Johnson capitulated on the matter of Vietnam? That is a haunting question. Even though the President didn't say that he would suspend the bombing forever and unconditionally, he went so far as to give in to the enemy in express violation of his own estimates of what is necessary for the protection of South Vietnam, and the acceleration of peace. Most recently Mr. Rusk, and before that Mr. McNamara, had reaffirmed our commitment to bombing North Vietnam as twice necessary: for military reasons to protect our troops from the avalanche of deadly weapons that will now flow freely to the South; and to maintain such pressure on the Vietnamese as moderates the appetite for conquest. The President, having in January flatly reaffirmed the so-called San Antonio formula, in March flatly renounces it.

Or did he have to do that too? Was it a congruent necessity to stop the bombing, once he had abdicated his political power? Did he feel the necessity to make the correlative move—as if to say: Look, since I am from this moment on a lame duck President, I choose also to become a lame duck commander-in-chief—and therefore to take such actions on the field as represent the views of the apparently dominant wing of my party.

THAT IS WHAT IT looks like. Certainly the President consciously avoided the alternative, which would have been to say: All right, I am cutting out of the political race for the obvious reasons. But my term of office as President and hence as commander-in-chief has ten months to run, and when I leave the White House I shall turn over to my successor a South Vietnam delivered from the threat of Communist imperialism. Hanoi will either come to the negotiating table today, or tomorrow there will be no Hanoi.

But as it happened, the enemy prevailed. The victory was theirs—General Giap's, Bobby Kennedy's, and Ben Spock's, roughly speaking. And Greenwich Village, that center of abstemious statesmanship, went wild with the lewd delight of bringing to his knees the President of the most powerful country in the world, who, however clumsily, had been trying to discharge the imperial responsibilities of his office. □

L-ND-N
J-HNS-N

New York, March 31—The Left was not content to abominate the man. Now they are going one step further—the final step, which is to justify their hatred intellectually. Dr. Benjamin Spock, the great humanitarian, can say as he recently did that he did not know it was possible to "despise a man the way I despise Lyndon Johnson." One passes off such comment as one would the man who despises a personal allergy ("I can't stand garlic!"). But we are being invited to despise not merely Johnson's policies, not merely Johnson's

The Return of Arthur

style: but Johnson's person. And to feel proud of ourselves for doing so. In the name of humanity, you understand.

It is an old saw that professional tolerance-teachers almost all of them harbor foxes in their bosoms that eat anyone who disagrees. Show me the most liberal professor at any university, and I will show you the likeliest candidate for dean of illiberal arts and letters. The critics of Lyndon Johnson who specialize in Johnson's inhumanity are beginning to display towards him what can only be described as attitudes such as are prerequisite to the kind of barbarism they are imputing to him.

Leaf through a little book cravenly entitled *LBJ Lampooned*, which does to Johnson what Bosch would have hesitated to do to adulterous popes. Now this is not accidental vituperation. A long introduction by my friend Mr. Jules Feiffer, about whom it could be said that he apparently hates Johnson because Johnson is incapable of hating as intensely as Feiffer, solemnly records and ardently applauds the progress in anti-Johnsonism from vigorous dissent to personal loathing. "There are charitable ways of describing Lyndon Johnson. They will not be found in this volume. . . . To be fair is to be cruel." The "secret ingredient" of truly successful cartooning, explains Professor Feiffer, is "hate. Not personal hate"—here is a ritual relapse into convention, which he instantly gets over—"but professional hate: the intensity of conviction that comes to a craftsman's work when he has made the decision to kill, a commitment to shun all political and behavioral complexities, so that the subject becomes, for example, not an overburdened leader struggling tragically with the agony of power, but purely and simply, a demon."

HE EXPLAINS rather shamefacedly why the liberals used to be pro-Johnson, the idea being that the public is entitled to know why the liberals were ever in favor of a demon. You see, Johnson was, for a while, a winner. "Winning is the personality trait that first recommended him to our favor: if we were to love Johnson at all it had to be for his winning. There is nothing else to admire him for: Joe McCarthy had more charm, Richard Nixon, as much sincerity, and Thomas E. Dewey, equal warmth. Or, as Joseph Alsop puts it, 'The fact has to be faced that President Johnson has an uninspiring perhaps even a downright bad moral style.' We can suffer a bad moral style in victory only," Mr. Feiffer moralizes "When civil rights legislation was passed, when the War on Poverty was organized, when Medicare went through, the Johnson style was discussed either defensively or affirmatively, and all good liberals hoped that the Bobby Baker case would quietly go away. What we wouldn't give to have it back with us today."

What we wouldn't give for a little bit more of the honesty with which Mr. Feiffer and other contributors to this volume bare their moral pathology. I do not like Mr. Johnson, but I do not believe him capable of any intentional cruelty in Vietnam. But the spirit of some of his critics is the spirit of the VC. And, come to think of it, they too have their justifiers. □

(Washington Star Syndicate)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ It's happening all over the country: Democratic governors and senators moving to fill power vacuum, trying to tie up blocks of convention delegates. **John Connally** of Texas will have Texas sewn up (the pros starting to wonder whether he wouldn't make good Vice Presidential candidate on **Humphrey**-Connally ticket); Senator **Clinton Anderson**, an **LBJ** man from way back, may run as favorite son in New Mexico (would be first time New Mexico has had favorite son in its 56-year history); Governor **Roger Branigin**, who had entered Indiana primary May 7 as stand-in for LBJ, may announce that a vote for him is a vote for HHH. . . . **Kennedy** people, incidentally, fear that Negro rioting in the streets might hurt Bobby in Indiana, which is one of the primaries he says he's got to take. . . . According to *U. S. News*, President Johnson believes his possible successors are qualified for the Presidency in this order: 1) Humphrey, 2) **Rockefeller**, 3) **Nixon**, 4) **McCarthy**, 5) Kennedy. . . . **Javits** thinks Johnson's withdrawal means Rockefeller ("a candidate with modern feelings, the ability to enlist independents, Democrats, youth") must get into race, but then Javits thinks that no matter what happens that means Rocky must get in. . . . Ripon Society announces that Richard Nixon is not all that surely a shoo-in. . . . **Barry Goldwater**, asked if Nixon had it sewn up, replied: "I wouldn't use the word sewn up. I think he sort of has it in the bag."

■ Other political developments: in cataclysmic week of April 1, it passed almost unnoticed that **George Wallace** got less than 1 per cent of the vote in Wisconsin: in 1964, he got 34.1 per cent of Democratic vote, 25 per cent of combined vote. . . . Sen. **Mark Hatfield** indicates he may not cast his vote for a Republican candidate who espouses Lyndon Johnson's late Vietnam policy—meaning nix on Nixon and **Reagan**. . . . In Oregon, **Robert Duncan** having great fun describing maverick Senator **Wayne Morse** as **"Oregon's de Gaulle."** . . . Familiar name in politics: **Louis Stokes**, brother of Cleveland Mayor **Carl Stokes**, will run as Democrat-Peace candidate in Ohio's new 21st District. . . . **J. Dan Chandler**, son of former Kentucky Governor **Happy Chandler**, has filed as Democratic candidate in Kentucky's Sixth C.D. . . . **James Buckley**, brother of *NR* editor **Bill Buckley**, will run for Senate as Conservative in New York *v.* Jacob Javits and whomever the Democrats dig up.

■ **H. Stuart Hughes**, national chairman of SANE, looks upon Lyndon

The Times, London — Ben Roth Agency

Johnson's March 31 speech as "a monumental victory for the peace movement." . . . The latest Harris Poll shows that 57 per cent of the people approved the bombing pause but the vote was 40 against 31 per cent on the question: Do you think it will help get peace talks started? . . . **Mayer Vishner**, of Resistance, leery of the President's gesture: he feels the peace movement will lose many of its "barely committed adherents." . . . California's Peace and Freedom Party maintains that it will run its own slate of candidates; one of first to announce for 17th C.D. is **Ben Dodds**, executive secretary of the Southern California Communist Party. . . . **Ralph Schoenman**, **Bertrand Russell**'s guru, has gotten his passport back from the State Department—it was lifted after he traveled to Hanoi and other points Red, but it's not helping him much. Now the British government won't let him in.

■ A British reporter investigating **Vietcong executions** in Hué (over 300 civilians—including a number of German and U.S. doctors and nurses—were killed) says there was no evidence that the victims had been tortured although some had been (humanely?) buried alive. . . . Premier **Thanom Kitikachorn** of Thailand says if the U.S. changes its policy in Vietnam and pulls out "no one will trust the United States any more." . . . Even Prince **Norodom Sihanouk** of Cambodia says if the U.S. is defeated and forced out of Vietnam, non-Communist regimes in Cambodia, Laos, Malaysia and Thailand will be swept away "and we shall all be Maoists." . . . Very quietly last week **Pope Paul** replaced **Ngo Dinh Thuc** (brother of President **Diem**) as Archbishop of Hué. Thuc has been living in Italy since the anti-Diem coup of Nov. 1963. . . . Vatican sources say a gauge of the liberalism of the new Czech regime will be its handling of the Catholic Church. Fourteen of sixteen dioceses in Czechoslovakia have no bishops, and **Cardinal Beran**, the Archbishop of Prague, is in exile in Rome.

■ It's too much: **Garbagemen** in Milwaukee don't like their job description. They've appealed to Common Council to call them hereafter: "Combustible Truck Loaders."

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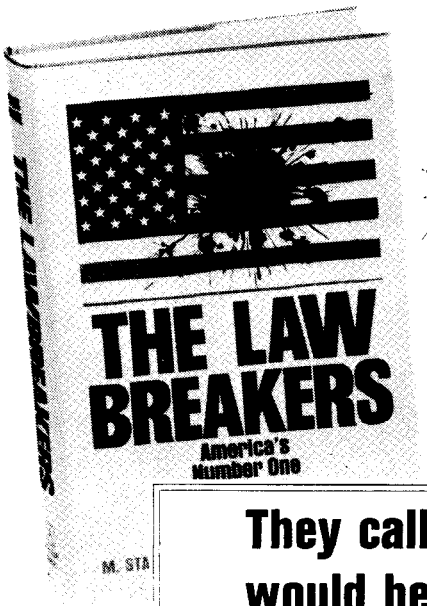

A THUG JAMS A BROKEN BOTTLE into a policeman's face — and Chicago judge George Leighton treats the *hood* as the injured party.

PUBLIC HOUSING: Breeding ground for punks — and slums. Crime and vandalism are so rampant that one housing authority spends $91,000 a year for private guard service to augment the 24-hour city police patrol.

THE DIRTY DOZEN: 12 Sunset Strip swingers (six male, six female) shack up in communal opulence — *on their welfare checks.*

IN NEW YORK CITY, 38 neighbors listen to the screams of Kitty Genovese. Some watch her being stabbed to death. Nobody calls the police.

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Now — the first book that documents the connection between Liberalism and America's crime crisis. THE LAWBREAKERS by M. Stanton Evans and Margaret Moore. (A selection of the Conservative Book Club.)

This new book proves what many Americans have long felt — that the crime explosion grows directly out of Liberalism. Under Kennedy and Johnson, crime has grown almost seven times faster than the population. Our nation now suffers more than 2.6 million serious crimes per year. And we have far more crime than gets reported: three times as many burglaries, twice as many assaults and larcenies over $50. In some areas the police are told about only 10% of the crime.

Even LBJ admits that crime is now costing $27 billion a year. Out of every 1,000 Americans (the population of a single block in many cities), 14 were victims of a serious crime in 1964. And the rate is still shooting up. The FBI projects a 78% rise over the next decade.

Ominously, the under-18 age group now accounts for 48% of our crime. From 1940 to 1960, the juvenile population rose by 25%. One child out of eight — girls as well as boys — now becomes delinquent.

How do the Liberals account for all this? You know the line: "poverty" . . . "the conditions that breed crime" . . . "ghettos" . . . "not enough welfare."

What are the real causes? The Liberals dare not face up to them — because the failure lies, stinking, at their doorstep. M. Stanton Evans and Margaret Moore have no such inhibitions. They see the rise in crime as a breakdown in morals; and they spell out, in damning factual detail, how the Liberals have led the assault on our traditional values:

- *Seven Warren Court decisions that make our streets safer for savages. After* Miranda, *suspects refusing to make statements quadruple. Washington policeman finds narcotics under pusher's porch, but under court rulings his search is deemed "unreasonable." New York cop arrests burglary suspect, but the man, though guilty, goes free: the officer had no "probable cause" to suspect theft!*
- *Welfare payments rise more than five times faster than the population — and Watts erupts in a riot.*
- *Government poverty workers actually scheme to keep their "clients" from taking jobs in private industry.*
- *The materialist factor. Official deep-thinkers blame both poverty and affluence for crime, evade the moral dimension. LBJ's Crime Commission stoutly ignores religious influences on behavior.*
- *Johnstown, Pa. has nation's highest unemployment rate, lowest crime rate. The religious factor in Johnstown.*
- *A hard look at Sweden, beacon of the New Morality and welfare economics. Educators, clergy back pre-marital sex. Decline of the father in Swedish family life. Rise of alcoholism, drug addiction, venereal disease, juvenile crime. Fade-out of historical memory in favor of pop culture.*
- *"Family allowances," Great Society style: the bounty for illegitimate children. New Haven official predicts that by 1971 the illegitimates will outnumber those born in wedlock in his city (the urban renewal showcase, be it noted).*
- *Police chiefs the nation over chorus their protests against Court rulings, but politicians fear the Liberals more.*

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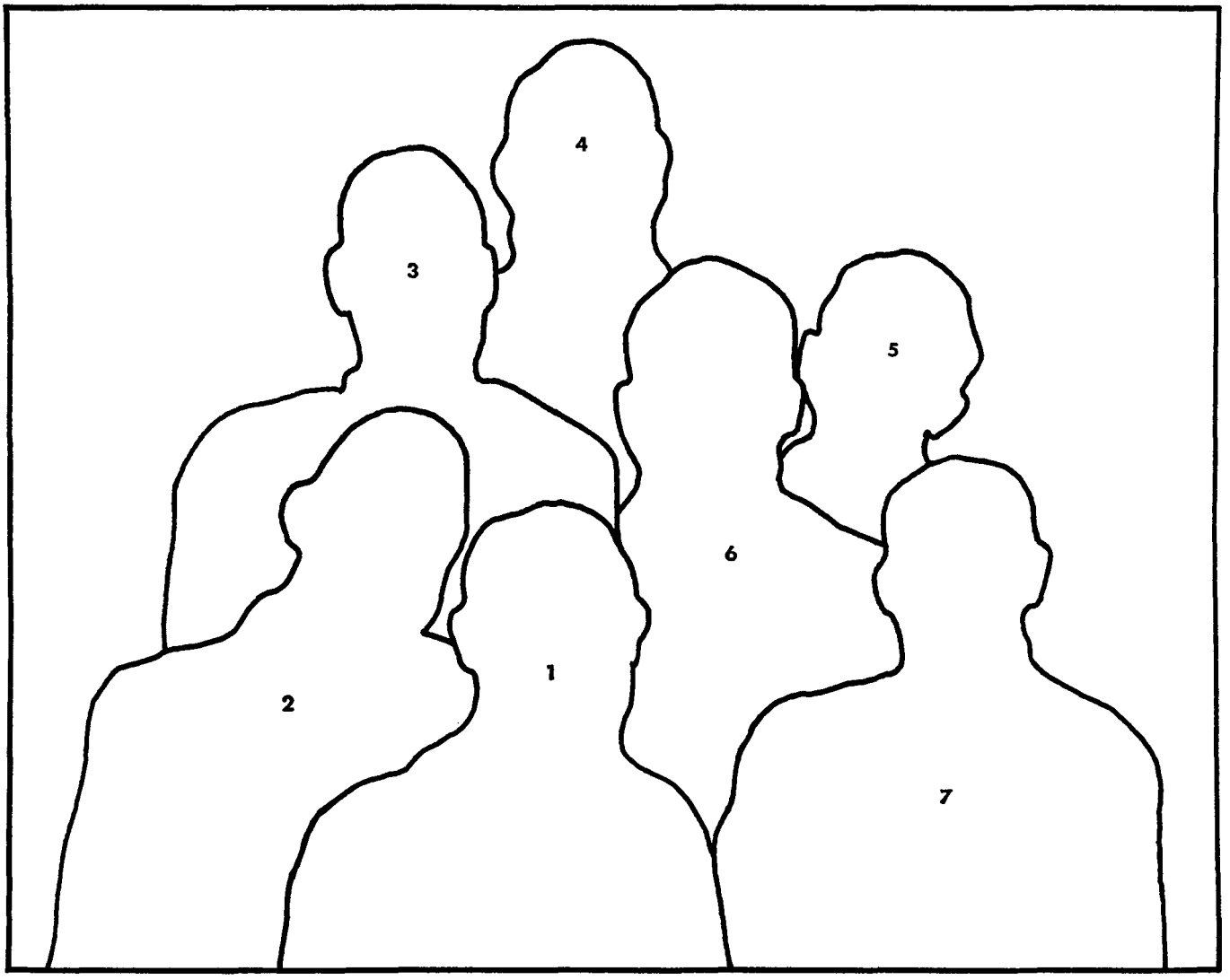

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